

(A 571) *Sup*
COLLECTION

OF — K

STATE SONGS,

POEMS, &c.

That have been Publish'd since the
REBELLION:

AND

Sung in the several MUG-HOUSES
in the Cities of *London* and *West-*
minster, &c.

To be Publish'd Annually.

L O N D O N:

Printed for ANDREW and WILLIAM BELL
at the *Cross-Keys* and *Bible* in *Gornhill*, and
J. BAKER and T. WARNER at the *Black*
Boy in *Pater-noster Row*. 1716.

Price 2 s.

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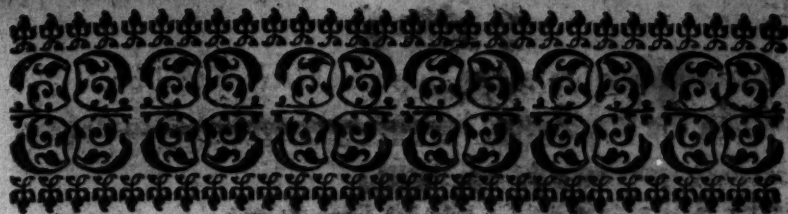
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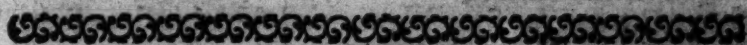
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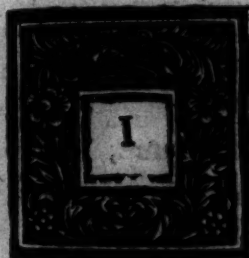


A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS, &c.



*The High-Church Expedition. To the
Tune of, Dear Catholick Brother.*

I.



IN the Days of Great *George* a Boy came
from *France*,

Swore he'd in *Britain* his Fortune ad-
vance ;

Cross'd the Channel to *Scotland*, and
made a small Shew,

Huff'd it and snuff'd it, like any *French* Beau.

II.

His Clans he did gather, and form'd them in *Perth*,

Argyle and *Cadogan* were filled with Mirth,

B

To

To think what rare Fun this new Kick wou'd be,
When the Boy should be frighted from *Perth* to *Dundee*,

III.

The *Dutchman* did swear, had it not been for Snow,
His Terms had been only a Word and a Blow.
The Boy could not bear to be near *Hogan-Mogan*,
Nor endure the bold Phiz of General *Cadogan*.

IV.

The Wretch read his Doom in abdicate Skies,
And scatter'd his Water from Codpiece and Eyes.
He wept in his Tendernefs, piss'd in his Fright,
In this sorry Pickle got off in the Night.

V.

Before puny *Mar* the Baby could dub
With a Crown, he'd go home, and suck his dear Bub,
And tell his Mamma that the Heretick Soldiers
Were so rude as to hinder his sleeping in Quarters.

VI.

In this Consternation he never could sleep,
Till safely arriv'd at *Calais* or *Diep*;
But his poor Friends, he's left in the Lurch,
Must run, or be hang'd, to be Saints of the Church.

VII.

The Hunting is over, they have lost their Game,
Poor *Jemmy's* gone back to *St. Germain's* again.
And there let him stay, and wait the good Hap,
Till *Lorrain* procures him a Cardinal's Cap.

VIII.

And out of his Perquisites make weekly Payment
To his Daddy the Pope for his late Armament ;

But

But the nineteen Millions of *Lewis le Grand*
Are to be paid when the Devil is blind.

IX.

God bless King *George* and th' Illustrious Line
Of *Augustus* the Prince, Princess *Caroline*,
The Protestant Church, and all that do love her ;
But Shame and Confusion their Enemies cover.

X.

The two Courts of Parliament, Commons and Lords,
And those valiant Soldiers that have drawn their Swords
In defence of our King, Religion and Laws,
Come fill up a Bumper to well with the Cause.

XI.

Let it briskly go round, let the Brave Loyal-hearted
Quaff off a *Requiem* to the *Highlanders* departed,
With a good Journey to the Traitors, to be
Made Saints, and dub'd Knights of the 3 legged Tree.



A New Song. To the Tune of, The
King shall enjoy his own again.

I.

Since *Hannover* is come
In spite of *France* and *Rome*,
And the *Tories* have met with their Matches,
Full loyally they sing
To the Coming of their King,
And keep up their Courage with Catches :

II.

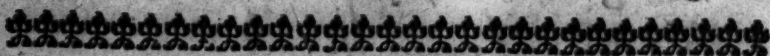
But let them have their Song,
 It can't be very long
 E'er the Name will be lost in the Nation ;
 For they have nothing but a Tune
 To support the 10th of June,
 And the Hopes of a Restoration.

III.

It's a comfortable Noise
 To hear the Roaring Boys
 In a Tune they've so oft been desiring ;
 Their Musick must portend
 Their own latter End,
 And like Swans they are sweetly expiring.

IV.

Their next melodious Strain
 Will be with *Paul L——n*,
 And there let them chaunt it out fairly ;
 For as sure as a Gun
 The Stave will be begun
 With that old Psalm-raiser *H——ly*.



A Copy of Verses.

Welcome, Brave Monarch, to this happy Isle,
 On us at length the Gods propitious smile.
 Long have we groan'd beneath the equal Weight,
 While Rage the Church, and Falshood rul'd the State,

Till

Till you, appearing like the Sun's bright Rays,
 Dispers'd the Clouds which threatned future Days.
 A Serpent the first Female did deceive,
 Curs'd was the Race for one believing *Eve* :
 A no less subtle Viper in our Land
 Could blast the Nation by one Female Hand.
 When Dragons first the *Brittish* Soil distress'd,
 By fam'd St. *George* the Monsters were suppress'd :
 From thee the Realm does like Protection claim,
 Who share his Virtues, as you bear his Name.
 No Med'cine surer than the Viper's Head
 To heal those Wounds the Beast himself has made :
 So *Israelites* in Deserts when devour'd
 Hung up a Serpent, and by that were cur'd.
 Then ease thy Subjects by a Justice due,
 Be their just King and great Phyfician too ;
 Expel the Poyson, and their Sense restore,
 Hang the State Vipers, and we ask no more.



*The Rebels Downfal, or the true De-
 scription of the cowardly Pretender.
 To an old Tune.*

I.

B *Ritain*, now sing for Joy of your King,
 Which we so long did desire ;
 King *George*, I must say, which so did display
 To cut off the Rebels intire.

II.

Now, *Tories*, what's here? Don't Horror and Fear
Seize all of you in every Part?

For you all did design, a *Hannover* Line
Shou'd never to *England* be brought.

III.

But let those brave Men, that will say, *Amen*,
To stand up for *George* with their Might,
Be bold, and dare say, that *George* shall e'er sway
The Scepter with Courage and Right,

IV.

In spite of all those, that dare him oppose;
For we value not any Pretender,
Nor the *Jacobite* Crew, tho' there is not few;
And a Fig for a High-Church Member.

V.

[Treason,

Pray, *Jacks*, what's your Reason, or why such High-
To say that the Bastard is Heir?

We know there is none, except *George* our Sovereign,
And he'll make the Cub for to fear.

VI.

But in the mean time, let the *Hannover* Line
Be sure next to *George* to succeed,
And may they all know the Fall of their Foe,
And down with the Rebels with speed.

VII.

Here now I design for to write a Line
Concerning poor *Jemmy* their Doted,
And what you will hear, I'm sure you will swear,
'Tis all very true that is noted.

VIII.

O *Jemmy*, we see, that if any thing be,
 Your pretended Kin to King *James* is,
 'Tis indeed when you run, for fear of a Gun,
 And scamper'd away from your Armies.

IX.

Then your Breeches, no doubt, had to them a Clout,
 For fear you shou'd them beshit:
 I know not a thing which makes you more kin,
 Than this which upon you is hit.

X.

When to *Scotland* you came, for to play your Game,
 Ah ! how, poor thing, didst thou pout,
 And likewise your Clan, which must e'er long hang,
 Because you from them did scout.

XI.

But now I pray go, and kiss the Pope's Toe,
 And accept of a Cardinal's Cap ;
 For if e'er you come here, we solemnly swear,
 That *England* shall ne'er be your Chap.

XII.

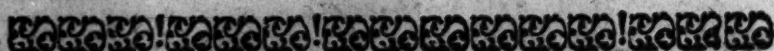
So, Ladies, you may for *Jemmy* now pray,
 And see if he e'er come again ;
 He left you behind, and when the Devil's blind,
 Then *James* again shall retain.

XIII.

The Noble *Argyle*, on whom Heaven did smile,
 That so his Army succeeded,
 Made his Enemies run, the Pretender to shun,
 And ever let *Argyle* be praised.

So now let us end, as Good *George* did send
 To rescue *Great Britain* betime,
 From all that pretend for to make an End
 Of the Glorious *Hannover* Line.

Let's drink to Great *George*, who soon did begin
 To save this happy Succession,
 And let's never forget Blessed *William* the Great,
 Who settl'd our Constitution.



On Mr. Walpole's Recovery.

By N. Rowe, Esq;

— Reddere Victimæ,
 Ædemque votivam memento.

Hor. Lib. II. Ode 17.

I.

WHEN sad *Britannia* fear'd of late
 Her WALPOLE's near approaching Fate
 Wou'd prove her own Undoing,
 She beat her Breast, and rent her Hair,
 And offer'd many an humble Prayer
 To save her self from Ruin.

II. Like

II.

Like other Sinners now she strove
 To pacify offended *Jove*,
 And come to Terms with Heav'n ;
 An hundred other Lives for this
 (And let Death pick them where he please)
 She frankly wou'd have given.

III.

Judges she offer'd, One or Two,
 And Bishops more, if they wou'd do,
 The Rage of Fate to couzen ;
 Lords were so cheap, they might be had
 At the same Rate they had been made,
 Ev'n by the good round Dozen.

IV.

She vow'd, if *WALPOLE* might be spar'd,
 The Land of Rascals shou'd be clear'd,
 And purg'd from all Offences :
 But frail are Sinners Promises,
 And Vows of Victims, all, like these,
 Are made in future Tenses.

V.

Howe'er the Gods, who Patriots bless,
 Took Pity on her sore Distress,
 And willing to relieve her,
 Bid *Æsculapius* step to Earth,
 And put on *Blackmore*, *Mead*, or *Garth*,
 To rid him of his Fever.

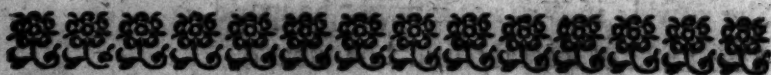
VI. But,

VI.

But, Lady, now you've gain'd your Ends,
 Think on those Pow'rs that stood your Friends,
 And what it is you owe 'em ;
 To such a Favour from the Skies
 Not Hecatombs of Rogues suffice,
 Tho' now you shou'd bestow 'em.

VII.

The Vows which your Affliction made
 Shou'd in your better Times be paid ;
 And I must tell you fairly,
 Were you to Obligations true,
 'Twould be the least thing you could do,
 To hang up Honest *Harley*.



An Epilogue written for the late celebrated New Play, call'd, The Drummer ; but not spoke.

IF any *Briton* in this Place appears,
 A Slave to Priests, or superstitious Fears,
 Let these odd Scenes reform his brainsick Notions,
 Or *Byfield's* ready to apply his Potions.
 Those Wits excepted, who appear'd so wise,
 To conjure Spectres from the vap'ry Skies.
 A very POPE (I'm told) may be afraid,
 And tremble at the Monster, which he made.

From

From dark mishapen * Clouds of many a Dye
 A diff'rent Object rose to ev'ry Eye,
 And the same Vapour, as your Fancies ran,
 Appear'd a Monarch, or a Warming-pan.
 Well has Friend *Whiston* ev'ry Scene apply'd,
 And drawn th' unmeaning Meteor to our Side.
 How will the Accounts of that portentous Night
 Give his late Majesty of *Perth* Delight,
 When he shall hear his Friends (tho' now oppress'd)
 With sharper Eyes than their dull Neighbours blest,
 Beheld two fancy'd Armies in Array,
 And that the Clouds were *Whigs*, that ran away.
 What tho' on Earth he never fac'd a Foe,
 And gave up every fort without a Blow,
 Yet never let the *Chevalier* despair,
 He still has Troops — and Castles in the Air.
 'Twere endless to relate the diff'rent Shows
 That in the Midnight Exhalations rose,
 While every *Briton* gap'd with wild Surprise,
 And, as he wish'd, interpreted the Skies.
 Some of our Heroes, if they tell us right,
 Near *Charing Cross* beheld a bloody Fight
 Of two fierce *Amazons* — Who were they, ken ye?
 Why who but *Rob* — d, and that Tory, *Fenny* †.
 They say our Heroine, in this dreadful Wrack,
 Laid the *Scots* Monster on her Back;

* *The late Meteor.*

† *A Nick-name of Mrs. Fen—ck.*

Whence we infer, the Nymphs of *Drury-Lane*
 Will, like their Sister, many Conquests gain.
 While these at *Wyburn's* in *October* riot,
Nanny broils *Whigs* and * *Beef-stakes* for her Diet.
 No Fare more luscious can your Hearts regale
 Than fat *Rump-Stakes*—and might my Wish prevail,
 Each *Bean* should have a Lick—at *O—d's* Tail.
 Some of you frown—Why, Faith! she's something stale.



*These Verses were writ on King George's
 Birth-Day, by Mrs. Centlivre, and
 sent to the Ringers while the Bells
 were ringing at Holbeach in Lincoln-
 shire.*

I.

PULL on, be loyal, *Holbeach* Boys,
 And gall the *Tories* with your Noise,
 And show you love your King.
King George is he that sav'd your Church,
 The *Jacks* had left it in the Lurch,
 At *Tyburn* may they swing.

* *A Beef-stake Club kept at Nanny Roch—d's.*

II. Believe

II.

Believe me, Lads, the High-Church Zeal
 Is like the Jack-Daws noisy Peal,
 When perch'd up high on Steeple,
 Who never to the Church did good,
 But only soil and dawb the Wood,
 And sh—t upon the Steeple.

III.

Disdain the Artifice they use
 To bring in Mafs and Wooden Shoes
 With Tranfubftantiation.
 Remember *James* the 2d's Reign,
 When Glorious *William* broke the Chain
Rome had put on this Nation.

IV.

Would you again to Ruin run,
 And fet up his pretended Son,
 So *Rome's* old Cause advance.
 Mark me well, you blinded Wretches,
 Your Puddings and your Bacon Fitches
 Muft pay his Debts to *France*.

V.

Then weed your Corn, and plough your Land,
 And by King *George's* Interest stand,
 Caft Prejudice away ;
 To abler Heads leave State Affairs,
 Give Railing o'er, and fay your Prayers
 For Store of Corn and Hay.

VI.

With Politicks near break your Sleep,
 But ring your Hogs, and worm your Sheep,
 And rear your Lambs and Calves ;
 And Royal George will take such Care,
 That *Rome* and *France* no more shall dare
 Attempt to make you Slaves.

VII.

And when your Leisure will permit
 You round the good Ale Pot to fit,
 Your Loyalty proclaim,
 And each revolving Month of *May*
 Bless the Eight and Twentieth Day,
 That gave us *George* to reign.



A SONG.

I.

STAND up my Boys, off with your Hats,
And hear the Thing proposed ;

I question not

But all will do't,

When once it is disclosed.

Tall, Lall, Lall, &c.

II.

Let's all declare with one Accord,

We'll abjure the Pretender ;

In *George's* Line

Shall ever shine

A *British* Faith's Defender.

Tall, lall, lall, &c.

III.

Here's to thee, Friend, Great *George's* Health,

Our King and Constitution ;

Pray let it pass,

Take each his Glass,

'Tis for our Preservation.

Tall, lall, lall, &c.

The

The Sense of the Tories, who take the Oaths with no other Design than to break them.

OUR Fathers of old took Oaths as their Wives,
To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives;
But we take the Oaths, like a Whore, for our Ease,
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they please.

The Whigs Answer.

YOUR Fathers of old took Oaths for their Lives,
To have 'em and hold 'em as fast as their Wives;
But as to your Whores, to your King you now swear,
So go and be hang'd, like Rogues as you are.

Or thus :

YOUR Fathers, like Men who had Thoughts of a [Heaven,
Took the Oaths in the Sense in which they were
given;
But you, like your Brethren the Jesuits, can find
A Way to evade all the Ties of Mankind,
So that nothing but Halters your Faction can bind. }

The

The President of the General Assembly of the French Clergy having, in his Speech to the Young King, told him, that Lewis the 14th was the most formidable Enemy to Heresy, you will finish the Destruction of it: He was the Glory of France, and given to it by God, when they no longer dared to expect him, &c. some Wags, to shew their Wit, have made the following Lines on this Article of the Archbishop's Speech,

Icr git Louis le Grand
 Que jamais il ne revienne
 Dieu le donna & le reprend,
 O! pour toujours il le retienne. Amen:

In English,

LEWIS, once call'd the Gift of God,
 Lies mould'ring in this Urn,
 Grant, gracious Heaven, that Gift again
 To Earth may ne'er return. Amen.

The following Lines were writ by an Officer, on seeing Parson Paul and Justice Hall executed.

THOU serviceable Timber, hold thy own,
 Let not the Weight of Treason pull thee down.
 On thy Triangle may they meet their Doom,
 On thee let all be hang'd who wish for Rome.
 Extend thy *Tripple Arms* across the Land,
 Let thy *Three Limbs* at a great distance stand,
 And *Ketch* all such detested Villains tye,
 Who'll *Swear*, Rebel, and yet *Nonjurors* die.
Parson, thy *Cloth* has oft had many a Blot,
 But hung in Air may now from Filth be got.
 Thy Cloth! That's Stuff: Thou hast a greater Shame,
 'Twere honest in thee to have chang'd thy Name;
 Not to have flurr'd that always sacred Sound,
 And in *his Name* the Great Apostle wound.
 Thou *Justice of the Peace*, who wer't for *War*,
Nonjuror too, yet didst in *all Times* swear;
 A *Protestant*, yet would'st *Rome's Church* advance;
 An *Englishman*, yet lov'd the Power of *France*.
 Against King *GEORGE*, *ruling by Law*, rebell'd;
 How happy we, thou and thy Friends are quell'd!
 Who full of *Nonsense*, and so apt for more,
Papists you'd be, and *Wood* and *Bread* adore.

High-

*High-Church Loyalty; or, a Tale of Tory
Rebellion. To the Tune of Windsor
Tarras.*

I.

DONA in Qualls, sent Abb her Drabb for Ease,
And Hermodatfly
Knew the Knack well,
Patient how to please :
Ah ! Dame, quoth he, I know where lies your Grief ;
'Tis *Knaves* and *Fools*,
Those *Papish* Tools,
Must give you Heart's Relief.
Soon a *Pack* was chose, all *Constitution* Foes,
Of *Quacks* and *Squinny*s,
Rakes and *Ninny*s,
Green and *Griazled* Beaus : [cou'd,
Strait this *Gallick* Brood, with all the *Speed* they
Tight *Sunderland*
Did first *Disband*,
With all *Wise*, *Brave*, and *Good*.

II.

ORMOND's put in (for *MARLBOROUGH* the Great)
He made us *Dance*
A *March* of *France*,
To *Ghent* a *Base* *Retreat* :

PEACE, Crude and Vile, by *Plenepo's* was made,

Gave up the Gains

Of Ten Campaigns,

And all our Friends betray'd :

Councils rough and raw, our *Constitution* awe,

When Tools a Dozen,

Choice and Chosen,

Villains skreen from Law :

GEORGE's. *Right* they try to sap, or set it by,

And to Pretender

Would surrender

CROWN and PROPERTY.

III.

But *Dona* dy'd, when all these Sparks of Might

With *Trojans* came in

For Proclaiming

GEORGE's *Royal Right*.

Traytors and *Tools* with *BRITONS* brave address ;

Dark *Simon*, and bold

Harry Gaynolt

Sign'd it with the rest ;

Nature soon took place of Loyalty and Grace,

And e'ery sorry

Tory, Rory,

Shew'd his Native Face.

Each Way far and near *Rebellions* soon appear,

In *Mobbs*, *Disquiets*;

Tumults, *Riots*,

Treasons ev'ry where.

IV.

High-Church they cry, but Truth and Peace despise,
Whereby 'tis plain
They nothing mean,
But Treason in Disguise.

What Church but *Rome's*, did Treason e'er advance,
By Shams and Lies,
Base Calumnies,
Blind Zeal, and Ignorance ?

Hal and *Scamoney* their false Apostles be,
Who teach 'em Faction,
Foul Detraction,

Fraud and Perjury.

[shew'd,

Those who keep the Road such graceless Guides have
May come to swing
In Hempen String,
And die as *Rebels* should.

V.

BRITONS beware of Wolves in *Shepherds* Dress,
With Indefeaz-
ible they teaze

The *Pulpit* and the *Press* :

Loudly they baul, *Hereditary Right*,
Extend the Weason
To vent Treason,

Hellish *Rage* and *Spight* ;

Jesuit like they thus canting *Preach* and *Pray*
For due Submission

Teach Sedition,

When they bare not Sway :

Rant for Monarchy, yet Rightful Kings defy,
With Sword and Pistol
Do resist all
Lawful Majesty.

VI.

TORIES no more your *Passive* Doctrines preach ;
For still your Practice
Plain in Fact is
Nothing what you Teach ;
Preston and *Perth* your Loyalty have clear'd,
And on the Plain
Near to *Dumblain*
Your *Will* and *Skill* appear'd :
Foster was the Man this perjur'd Prank began,
And *Rebels* come
At Beat of Drum,
Which was a *Warming-pan*.

Mary, that perjur'd Loon, display'd his Banner soon,
And doughty *Gordon*,
Durk and Sword on,
Then commenc'd *Dragoon*.

VII.

Soon *Forster* fled, with all his Coward Crew,
Whilst *Carpenter*
Pursu'd 'em where-
so'er the Wretches flew ;
O'er *Tweed* they past, and o'er again in haste,
By *Wills* were met,
And hard beset
In *Preston* Proud at last.

Thus they fly the Field, and then as basely yield,
 And at Discretion
 Pay Submission, /
 Rather than be kill'd ;
 Thence to *London* some o'th' Chiefs in Triumph come ;
 Each with a *Centry*
 Made his *Entry*
 Here to meet their Doom.

VIII.

ARGYLE advanc'd from *Sterling* toward *Scoon*,
 But *Perkin's* Rogues,
 With *Plads* and *Brogues*,
 E'er he came nigh were gone ;
 Each Mother's Bearn on scamper'd to *Montrose*,
 While bold *Cadogan*
 Fast did jog on
 At their Arses close :
Marr and *Chevalier*, o'erwhelm'd with panick Fear,
 Met there by Chance
 A Bark from *France*,
 And they on board her steer ;
 Ord'ring e'ery *Clan*, tul *Aberdeen* they gang,
 But hoo they'll leek
 This parting Trick,
 Youse understand e'er lang.

To the KING.

*On His Majesty's Landing in Holland,**By Mr. Motteux.*

THE Muse, who near thy *Britain's* watry Bounds
 Here hail'd thee first, Great Prince, in *British*
 [Sounds,

Now greets her Lord, who fond the World to bless,
 Comes o'er to fix the Greater like the Less.

Hail ! Umpire of the Globe ! Bid Discord cease ;
 Form mighty Leagues, awe Empires into Peace ;
 Just Claims assert, and spreading Terrors round,
 Make threat'ning Walls fall at thy Trumpet's Sound.
 Poise *Europe's* Ballance in thy steady Hand :
 Commanding *Britain*, the whole World command.
 Kings, Armies, Nations for thy Presence wait ;
 And from thy Dictates watch the Birth of Fate.

What Joy thy good old Subjects now must boast !
 For most they love thee, who have known thee most.
 Their Lord, their Father, they with Transports meet ;
 Feast on thy Smiles, and bathe with Tears thy Feet.
 Each for their Prince a thousand Sports prepares ;
 Sports long neglected for *Britannick* Cares.

Yet, while the Sov'reign acts a Father's Part,
 And all thy Subjects share, like Sons, thy Heart,
 Think how, like Orphans, greater Nations mourn :
 Think each true *Briton* from a Parent torn.

Like Friends, like Lovers, till they felt the Smart,
 They never knew how grievous 'tis to part,
 Your other self, your Genius tho' you leave,
 Depriv'd of you, they cannot cease to grieve,
 From ev'ry Part they for their Monarch call :
 Haste back ! be seen ; be known ; be lov'd by all :
 Kind to the True, with Goodness charm the rest ;
 Spight of themselves, compel them to be bless'd.
 Their Rights, their Faith, their Freedom still maintain :
 Great *GEORGE*, for *Europe* condescend to reign !
 Firm, like thy self, heroick Virtue goes,
 Tho' rugged Ways, high Rocks, and Crouds oppose,
 And, on the conquer'd Height, with Glory crown'd,
 Serene, and bless'd, commands the World around.
 Calm'd by thy Pow'r, the raging Storms are o'er ;
 Now share the Sweets on thy *Britannia's* Shore.
 The Dragon's slain. No Danger more affrights :
 Sav'd by her *GEORGE*, she courts but to Delights.
Jove's Son o'er Seas so wing'd his airy Way ;
 And freed the Fair, a Monster's ready Prey.
 She (all applauding) prov'd his willing Prize,
 Rage strove in vain to break the grateful Tyes :
 His Prudence chang'd the Foes his Valour spar'd ;
 And, with his Bride, a Heav'n of Joys he shar'd.

A PROLOGUE spoke at the Opening of the Mug-House at the Roebuck in Cheapside, July 18. 1716.

BRITONS, when o'er the merry Mug we meet,
 Let's join our Hearts and Hands for GEORGE the
 And while the Loyal Toasts go briskly round, [Great ;
 With harmless Joy let every Cup be crown'd.
 Let *Tory* Routs, tumultuous Riots raise,
 And prop their sinking Cause, by wicked Ways.
 We will not *do*, nor will we *suffer* Wrong :
 We've no need of Arms,—we'll rout 'em with a *Song* ;
 Enough they've felt the Fury of our Clubs,
 And learnt the *wholesome* Discipline of Drubs ;
 So oft before *this* chosen Band they've fled,
 Now one Huzza will strike the Rebels dead.
 When high the Tide of *Tory* Faction ran,
 Bravely to stem the Torrent *You* began ;
 When traiterous Ministers their Country sold,
 And bought destructive Peace with *Gallick* Gold,
 Your Generous Souls the base Design abhor'd,
 And sigh'd in vain for *Marlb'rough's* conquering Sword.
 At last the *Conqueror* came, and then the KING,
 And now for those you lately sigh'd, you sing.
 Advance your Mugs, for GEORGE your King prepare
 A loyal Health, and then a loyal Air.
 In Loyalty strive always to be first,
 And in the best of Times forget the worst.

*The High-Church Rebel. To the Tune of,
Begging we will go.*

I.

OUR Rebels cry Religion,
And damn and swear for Church ;
Yet for Revenge, and Power, or Gain,
They'll leave it in the Lurch.

*For to Pop'ry they will go,
And to Pop'ry they will go.*

II.

They've neither Truth nor Bravery,
Nor Principles at all ;
Thy'll Promise make, and Oaths will take,
And strait will break them all.

So to Popery let them go.

III.

They promis'd *James* the Second
To raise his Pow'r up high ;
And then call'd in King *William*,
And made the Bigot fly.

For to Whiggism they would go.

IV.

King *William* next they cheated
By knavish Tricks and Arts ;
They clog'd his Wheels, and starv'd his Cause,
And then quite broke his Heart.

O to Tyburn let them go.

V.

Just so they serv'd Queen *Anne* too,
And bubb'l'd every Way :
They made her shift, and chop and change,
And at last sent her away.

So to Tyburn let them go.

VI.

And now unto our good King *GEORGE*
They swear ; but lie and grin :
And *Perkin* they likewise abjure,
But mean to bring him in.

O ! to Tyburn they must go.

VII.

They rail at *Presbyterians*,
And yet but lately did
Set blinking *Sim*, and tricking *Bob*,
To support the Church's Head.

Then to Tyburn let them go.

VIII.

See how they pull down Meetings,
To plunder, rob and steal ;
To raise the Mob in Riots,
And teach them to rebel.

O ! to Tyburn let them go.

IX.

At *Oxford*, *Bath*, and *Bristol*
The Rogues design'd to rise ;
But *GEORGE's* Care and Vigilance
There's nothing can surprize.

So to Tyburn let them go.

X. Their

X.

Their Plot is all discover'd now,
 Their Treason nought avails ;
 The Tow'r and Newgate quite are full,
 And all our County Goals.

So to Tyburn let them go.

XI.

Their Strength is gone, their Hearts are broke,
 Our Mob converted are ;
 The Rebels empty Sculls will soon
 Perch up on Temple-Bar.

For to Tyburn they must go.

XII.

Base Ormond's fled and left 'em,
 And Perkin dares not come ;
 And Gibbets are preparing
 For those w'ave caught at home.

Who to Tyburn soon must go.

XIII.

Then rub, ye Tory Scoundrels,
 Away to perjur'd Marr,
 And starve with Plad and Durks,
 And Target and Despair,

If to Scotland you will go.

XIV.

But take due Care to get there,
 And make good cunning Trips ;
 For if ye meet with Carpenter,
 He'll cut you all to Chips ;

If to Scotland you will go.

XV. Then.

Then down with High-Church Rebels,
 They serve the Popish Cause ;
 And all, 'tis plain, are Traytors,
 To Country, King and Laws.
So to Tyburn they shall go.



A SONG.

I.

SINCE the Tories cou'd not fight,
 And their Master took his Flight,
 They labour to keep up their Faction,
 With a *Bough*, and a *Stick*,
 And a *Stone*, and a *Brick*,
 They equip their *Roaring Crew* for Action.

II.

Thus in Battle Array,
 At the Close of the Day,
 After wisely debating their deep Plot
 Upon Windows and Stall
 They couragiously fall,
 And boast a great Victory they have got.

III.

But alas ! silly Boys,
 For all the mighty Noise
Of their High-Church and Ormond for ever,

A brave *Whig* with one Hand,
 At *GEORGE's* Command,
 Can make their mightiest Hero to quiver:

IV.

For the Devil and *Jack*
 Do attend at their Back,
 With a strong Noose, and a fiery Fiend,
 To carry them away,
 As their own proper Prey,
 And thus the Tory Faction will end.



*Mr. Paul's Speech turn'd into Verse, and
 explain'd, for the Use of all Lovers of
 the Church, and the late Queen Anne.*

WHEN the Rev'rend *Paul*,
 With his Friend Justice *Hall*,
 Had pass'd by Saint *Andrew's* Steeple,
 Near that triple Tree,
 Which at *Tyburn* you see,
 He address'd himself thus to the People :

My Country-men dear,
 Observe what you hear,
 And let each make this proper Reflection,
 That in these sad Times
 Are *Vertues* deem'd Crimes,
 And the Habit I wear no Protection.

Because

Because that I rose
 In Arms to *depose*
 That Prince, who the Scepter now sways;
 To the Gallows I'm brought
 For no other Fault,
 And Jack Catch puts an end to my Days.

'Tis hard that I must,
 For what I thought just,
 Be forc'd in a Halter to swing ;
 Yet since Death is near,
 Without Shame or Fear,
 I own James the Third for my King.

Indeed I have 'swore
 Twice, thrice, and Times more,
 He had not the least Right to the Crown ;
 The Living I got,
 I am sorry, God wot,
 Made these Oaths very glibly go down.

First William Nassaw
 Subverted the Law,
 And tyranniz'd o'er the whole Nation ;
 Then the late Princess Anne,
 Deny it who can,
 Continu'd the base Usurpation.

Her, as both Good and Wise,
 You extol'd to the Skies,
 And call'd her *the Churches true Mother* ;
 Yet how was she good,
 (Who, you say, understood)
 If she really thought him her Brother ?

Nor content to have been
 Whilst living a Queen,
 Determin'd to thwart Right Divine.
 By assenting to Laws,
 Which might baffle his Cause,
 And set up the *Hanover Line*.

I profess that I die
 Not of that you call High,
 But the *Pure Church of England's Son*,
 In Communion with those
 Who stoutly oppose,
 That *Schism* which the rest has o'er-run.

Of the Clergy that teach,
 And in Churches now preach,
 There are few who have true Ordination,
 They Sacraments dispense,
 To which they have no Pretence,
 And lead you all strait to Damnation.

The Nonjurors alone
 As Priests you shou'd own,
 Who enjoy the *Apostolick Mission*,
 Are well gifted in Pray'r,
 And the choice Blessings share
 Of an uninterrupted Succession.

These for *Prelacy* are,
 As they frankly declare,
 Yet to *Presbyters* only submit;
 Since of *Twenty and Six*
 On *Four* they can't fix,
 Whose *Episcopal Right* they'll admit.

This Church ne'er can be
 From Danger quite free,
 For no one Assistance will lend her,
 Till *Jemmy* shall come
 With Instructions from *Rome*,
 And prove her sincerest Defender.

The *Pope* has decreed,
 And the *Car'nals* agreed,
 He shall do what her *Zealots* require,
 Bring into her Pale,
 When other Means fail,
 All those who oppugn her, by Fire.

To keep *Poper*y out
 Was a Sham, there's no doubt,
 To compass the damn'd *Revolution*,
 Which quickly let in
 All *Atheism* and Sin,
 And involv'd us e'er since in *Confusion*.

The Misfortunes and Ills,
 Which each Patriot feels,
 I have taught, and you well understand ;
 You must these still endure,
 And can ne'er be secure,
 Till a *Papist* is King in this Land.



*A New Ballad, call'd, King GEORGE
 for England, or Perkin's Downfall.
 To an excellent new Playhouse Tune.*

I.

THE Cry is now that *Perkin's* come,
 With a Rabble of *Irish* Sons of *Rome*,
 To make us Slaves to the Pow'r of *France*,
 Whither *Bullingbroke* late took a Dance.
 But if the *Pretender* dares touch our Shore,
 The Troops our General led before
 Shall beat him, beat him, beat him,
 Beat him o'er and o'er.

II.

Then, *Britons*, rise, and maintain your *Laws*,
 For a *Protestant King*, and a *Protestant Cause* :
 What need we a foolish *Bigot* fear,
 When Resolute *GEORGE* is here :
 Then let us the *Jacobite* Rout despise,
 They soon will be down, and they never shall rise ;
 For *Harley*, *Harley*, *Harley*
 Safe in the *Tower* lies.

III.

The *Tricksters* are found out at last,
 And ev'ry *Knave* to *France* makes haste ;
 Then let the joyful *Trumpets* sound,
 And each *Man* stand his *Ground*.
 We have nothing to fear from *France* or *Spain*,
 And if the *Dear Joys* dare cross the *Main*,
 We'll whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em,
 Whip 'em to *Lorain* again.

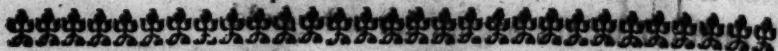


On the Thanksgiving-Day.

A *POLLO*, touch your *Lyre*, and *Golden Strings*,
 And sing of mighty *Blessings*, mighty *Things* ;
 In grateful *Sounds* our tuneful *Voices* raise,
 And teach the *Rebel Faction* whom to praise ;
 To praise a *King* by righteous *Heaven* sent,
 And teach th'ungrateful *Nation* to repent ;

Ingratitude's a Weed of every Clime,
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in Time;
 Curst may he be, and banish'd from the Great,
 Who'd damp our Joys, but wou'd our Fears create;
 Who'd stamp false Notions on the Rabble's Mind
 Against a King, Brave, Generous and Kind?
 Who fond of Slavery, and courting Chains,
 Extol the Beauty of the worst of Reigns;
 Who Freedom curse, and wou'd confound the Skill
 Of those who'd make them happy 'gainst their Will.
 Weigh but their Actions, and the treach'rous End,
 To which their Riots and Rebellions tend;
 Big with false Hopes to make their *Perkin* great,
 They perish by their Choice, not by their Fate.
 Banish'd from *Britain*, Vagrants may they be,
 That dare to plead for *Gallick* Slavery.
 How have their Plots, contriv'd, and deeply laid,
 Prov'd unsuccessful, and their Guilt betray'd!
 To perfect what's begun, let us be bold
 'Gainst those who sell our native Land for Gold;
 In order to effect these Glorious Ends,
 Let's scorn our Foes, and stand by all our Friends;
 Defend our Rights, compleat our great Design,
 By keeping true to th' *Hanoverian* Line.
 In Times like these, when Traitors do maintain,
 That Oaths can't bind, and Senate's Laws are vain;
 Let us disdain meanly to shrink or droop,
 Too strong to shake, and much too brave to stoop.
 Let those who basely stab our Monarch's Fame,
 Fall by his Power, and by his Sword be slain.

Great are the Curses-guilty Britain gains,
 When tir'd with Freedom, she rebels for Chains.
 Let's shew our Joy, since Rome's great Hopes so fail,
 That *Hanover* cuts off her whole Entail.
 No more shall Bigot *Phaetons* aspire,
 Nor furious Drivers set our World on Fire :
Britannia scorns th'Apostatizing Line ;
George is our *British* Champion all Divine,
 Like as the Sun dispels the Mists of Night,
 So *George* our Foes, and is serenely bright.
 It's an indebted World must only pay,
 In joyful Sounds the Rites of *this Great Day*.
 Let every Heart and Tongue conspire to show
 Our Monarch's Worth, that future Times may know
 What Wisdom, Virtue, what Perfections join,
 To make our Hero like the Gods divine.



On King GEORGE's Birth-Day.

NOW, true Hearts, let's celebrate
 The Birth of a mighty Potentate,
GEORGE the Wise, the Just, the Great,
 Our King and Faith's Defender.
 Happy Day, that born was he,
 An Instrument to set us free
 From *Romish* Yoke and Slavery,
 Design'd by the Pretender.

Let us this Day drown all our Cares,
 Our Joys surmount our former Fears,
 And now return the Golden Years,

That *Britain* long has wanted.

Tho' angry Creditors may frown,
 Who aim'd to keep our Courage down,
 Yet we'll be true to *GEORGE*'s Crown,

With Loyalty undaunted.

Our Foes may rail, and call us Knaves,
 Yet they shan't say we're Fools and Slaves,
 Nor shall they write upon our Graves,

That we betray'd the Nation.

To all the World we do profess
 (Tho' in Misfortune and Distress)

Our Country's Good and Happiness

We'll fight for, if Occasion.

May good King *GEORGE* sit on the Throne
 (Belov'd by all, disturb'd by none)

'Till late he shall exchange his Crown

For one of endless Glory.

May his Bright Issue never fail

To rule our Land with Royal Male ;

May Pop'ry never more prevail,

Nor Power Arbit'ory.

**A Halter for Rebels, or the Jacobites
Downfall. A most excellent new Bal-
lad, to a merry old Tune, call'd, The
Old Wife she sent to the Miller her
Daughter.**

I.

A Junto of Knaves met at *Paris* together,
Lewd *St. John*, Bloody *Berwick*, and several more,
With Frenchify'd *Ormond*, all Birds of a Feather,

Declaring for *Perkin*, that Son of a Whore :
Each smil'd and embrac'd, Opinions exprest,
And their Loyalty thus to young *Jemmy* confest ;
They swore the lov'd *Shamster* to *Britain* they'd bring,
And all the Day long

This, this was their Song,

Dear *Jemmy*, dear *Jemmy*, depend on't, thou shalt be a King.

II.

[disbanded,
Tho' *Marlborough's* with *GEORGE*, Sirs, tho' we are

Tho' our Plots are discover'd, our old Schemes un-
If once more we get but our dear Hero landed, [done,

Great Britain shall yet be a Province of *Rome* ;
Of the Church's great Danger we'll loudly complain,
Fool the Mob to believe it, or all is in vain ;

They swore the lov'd *Shamster* to *Britain* they'd bring,
And all the Day long,

This, this was their Song,

Dear *Jemmy*, dear *Jemmy*, depend on't, thou shalt be a King.

III. But

III.

But e'er this vile Treason was brought to Conclusion,
 The Senate the *Jacobite* Rogues did detect,
 Great *GEORGE* rais'd his Troops to their utter Confu-
 Resolv'd our Religion and Laws to protect ; [sion,
 E'ry Day some new Rebel to *Bar le* takes Post,
 Whilst *Bob* in the Cage swears the Game is all lost ;
 In vain they cry, Help us, Oh ! *Lewis* and *Rome*,
And all the Day long,
Now this is their Song,
Dear Jemmy, an Halter, an Halter's our Doom.

BOBOBO! BOBOBO! BOBOBO BOBOBO! BOBOBO

The Second Part of a Halter for Rebels.
To the Tune of, The Old Wife she
sent to the Miller her Daughter.

I.

IN vain are the Hopes of a *Popish Pretender*,
 In vain are the Schemes of a *Jacobite Crew*,
 True *Britons* their Freedom will never surrender,
 But still to themselves and their Country be true ;
 Alike they despise a Bribe or a Threat,
 To raise their own Fortunes, and ruin the State ;
 The Defence of King *GEORGE* is their Aim alone,
And all the Day long
This, this is their Song,
No Popish Impostor shall e'er wear our Crown,

II.

A *Jacobite* values not Scandal or Shame, Sirs ;

He's not a *True Tory*, whom Conscience controuls,
All know that Intereſt's their only Aim, Sirs ;

How trivial their Country, how powerful Piſtoles !
They'l aſperſe, trick, and lye, ſwear too, then diſown ;
Perſecution and *Pride* is their chief Religion.

Shall ſuch then unpuniſh'd tempt our *Laws* and our

No, all the Day long [Throne ?

This ſhall be our Song,

No Popiſh Impoſtor ſhall e'er wear our Crown.

III.

Let *Mar*, and his Villainous Affociation,

Rebel, and pretend the *Church* is their Care ;
Since Great *GEORGE* protects our Religion and Nation,

We'll ſoon ſhew the World what vile Rascals they are.
Were their Numbers ſuperior, they know to their Coſt,
With vaſt Odds on their Sides what at *Blenheim* they
loſt ;

That Tyrants and Slavery we have ſworn to pull down,

And all the Day long,

This, this is our Song,

No Popiſh Impoſtor ſhall e'er wear our Crown,



*Verses spoken in the Club-Room at the
Mug-House in St. Jones's, May the
29th, 1716.*

—————*Redeunt Saturnia Regna.*—————

LET *Tories*, vers'd in Outrages and Noise,
Proclaim at Bonfires their distracted Joys ;
This must be own'd————a wonderful Occasion !
The Twenty Ninth of *May* — a chaste King's Restaura-
Unbounded Monarchy again took place, [tion!
And *Right Divine* was stamp'd upon the Race ;
The Exil'd Heir Resumes his Father's Throne,
And kindly makes the Nation's Cares his own ;
Our Church, our Wealth, our Pleasures to advance,
Sends o'er for Priests, for Gold, and——Whores from
And to procure a thorough Reformation [France ;
'Mongst canting Sectaries,——debauch'd the Nation,
Bigotted *James* does next in Lineage come,
Viceroy to *Lewis*, and a Tool to *Rome* ;
Laws and Coronation-Oaths were then a Laughter,
And *Property* was truck'd——for *Beads* and *Holy-Water* :
But *Nassau* timely saw the curs'd Design,
And did in Concert with all Patriots join,
To save the Nation,——without *Right Divine*.

Religion, Liberty, were then restor'd,
 And grateful Shouts proclaim'd *Him* Sovereign Lord.
 In spite of *France*, and *James's* spurious Son,
 For happy *Anna* he secur'd the Throne.
 In brightest Annals were there ever seen
 So blest a People, and so Great a Queen?
 'Till *Faction's* Tories, with Religious Name,
 Disguis'd their Treasons, and procur'd our Shame;
 Unravell'd all ten conquering Years had done,
 And gave to *France* what *Marlborough* had won;
 Betray'd our Allies, and our Friends oppress'd——
 " Our Enemies with Pleasure tell the rest,



Ormond's Vision. To the Tune of, The
 Children in the Wood.

AS I from Hunting came one Night,
 And laid me down on Bed,
 My Thought did on a Phantom light,
 Which did distract my Head.
 Before my Eyes presented was
 A Prince of high Renown,
 But yet some Rebels did his Cause,
 And *Romans* too, disown.
 In opposition to these two
 St. George that Hero stood,
 Who soon the *Romish* Dragon slew,
 Which thirsted after Blood.

The threat'ning Storm o'er *Albion* hung,

The Dragon vaunted high,

As did *Goliath*, e'er *David* slung

The Stone of Destiny.

Just as in *Israel's* Camp was seen

Great Horror, Fear and Dread ;

So *Britains* having lost their Queen,

For fear their *Church* was dead.

But lo ! to them Great *GEORGE* did come,

And timely Aid he sends,

Who shall o'erthrow the Church of *Rome*,

And her *Pretender's* Friends.

Ox——d I saw without a Head,

The Tr——or's Heart held up,

And *Bolingbroke* to *France* was fled,

To live at *Bar le Duc*.

Lesley was there, with many more,

And I my self from home,

Who all did seek our native Shoar,

But durst not to return.

Yet sailing on the Seas we were,

The *Tories* for to sue,

Who with *Judas* we may compare,

Since equally they're true.

Methought the Sun deny'd his Light,

The North-Pole hid his Face,

As if being conscious by their sight,

To them had been Disgrace.

The Seas themselves were raging too,
 The Ships were almost lost,
 In this Condition we hardly knew
 How far to any Coast.
 For God who knew our evil Hearts,
 For Blood and Murther bent,
 Gave our Enemies *Apollo's* Darts,
 And North-Pole to them lent.
 So *Egypt* *Israel* would destroy,
 But *Egypt* fell ; for why ?
 God the *Egyptians* did annoy,
 And forc'd them for to fly.
 The *Britains*, truly trusty Men,
 By Heaven guided too,
 Ours within their Fleet did hem,
 And ev'ry Rebel flew.
 Then *Perkin's* Head on *Temple-Bar*
 Each Passenger might see,
 And *Ox*——*d's* too, from it not far,
 For breach of Loyalty.
Bolingbroke was likewise nigh,
 Whom Bawds and Rebels moan ;
 And for my self, as I pass'd by,
 The Ax did seem to groan.

*A loyal new Ballad: To the Tune of the
Old Man's Wish, If I live to grow
old, &c.*

I.

HERE's a Health to the King,
Sound the Trumpet and Drum,
And let *Perkin*, with all
His Runagades, come :
Let the *Devil* and *Pope*
Advance in his Train ;
We'll soon send him back
To sup in *Lorain*.
Then to *GEORGE* fill your Bowls,
Till they overflow ;
Let's have no more *Wrangling*
Of High-Church and Low ;
The *Pope* and Pretender
Alone is our Foe.

II.

Next drink to the Prince,
And his Consort Divine,
And the beautiful Offspring
That round him do shine.
In them we foresee
The Downfal of *Rome*,
And the *Jacobite* Faction
Expiring at home.

Then

Then to GEORGE fill your Bowls,

'Till they overflow ;

*Let's have no more Wrangling
Of High Church and Low ;*

The Pope and Pretender

Alone is our Foe.

III.

Then British Lads, boldly

Stand fast by your Laws,

The KING and the CHURCH,

And the Protestant Cause.

While MARLB'ROUGH leads on, Boys,

The Warming-pan Knight,

And the Monsieurs of France,

Won't venture to fight.

Then to GEORGE fill your Bowls,

'Till they overflow ;

*Let's have no more Wrangling
Of High Church and Low ;*

The Pope and Pretender

Alone is our Foe.



A Song for the 28th of May, the Birth-Day of our Glorious Sovereign King George. To the Tune of, The King shall enjoy his own.

I.

THE Time is now come,
That we fear not *France* or *Rome*,
Nor all the Rebel *Tory* Crew ;
The Rebels we will hang,
And the *Tories* we'll bang,
As our Forefathers us'd to do :
Let 'em Rant, and let 'em Swear,
Let 'em Fight us, if they dare,
We'll make them after *Perkin* run ;
'Tis the *Twenty-Eighth of May*,
Let us Revel it away,
For Joy that the King enjoys his own.

II.

Then bring up the Jug
To us Friends of the Mug,
We'll toast the Royal Health around :
For the Birth of the King
Let us Quaff, Laugh and Sing,
And see that his Day with Mirth be crown'd :
The Mob we need not fear,
There's enough of us here,

To beat all the *Tories* about the Town :

We have got a better Day

Than their 29th of *May* ;

For the King of our Hearts enjoys his own.

III.

Raise the Faggots higher,

We'll have no Kitchen Fire,

To celebrate King *GEORGE*'s Day :

Who the Deuce wou'd Care,

Tho' the Doctor were there,

And his Duke that did our Friends betray.

Our Mugs now let us mind,

We have three good Toasts behind,

The Prince, the Princess, and Carter *John*.

In all the Month of *May*

We will keep no other Day,

But the King's, who now enjoys his own.

IV.

While the Bonfires blaze

With our Healths and Huzza's,

To Joy we all our Friends invite ;

To Morrow, they say,

We are threaten'd with a Fray,

But a Fig for that, we'll laugh to Night ;

And if they dare come out,

To try the other Bout,

The Word is *GEORGE*, and their Work is done :

For in all the Month of *May*

We'll have no such merry Day,

As the King's, who now enjoys his own,

*No Popish Impostor, but King George for
ever. To an Excellent Old Tune.*

I.

Rouse, Britons, rouse ; maintain your Laws,
Your Country, all that's dear ;
So good our King, so just our Cause,
Let Rebels only fear:
We will not tamely let a Grew
Of traiterous Sots assume,
Our Church's Good's their only View,
When we know that Church is *Rome*.

II.

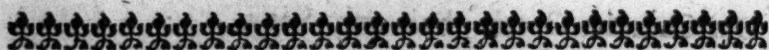
The poor Pretender we despise,
And all his Slavish Train ;
New Plots the Sots in vain devise,
GEORGE only here shall reign ;
In vain the Villains hope Success,
And Puppet *Femmy* tries ;
They Halters only shall possess,
To the Gallows only rise.

III.

No longer Rebels blinded be,
Is that Wretch worth your Cares ?
That Coward, whom you plainly see
To head your Party fears ;
He still remembers *Britain's* Prince
At *Ramellie's* fatal Plain ;
That Thought's enough to keep him hence,
And haste his Flight again.

IV.

Then, happy Britons, bravely dare
 The Foe to meet your Arms ;
 They faintly make a Shew of War,
 Your Sight their Hearts difarms.
 To GEORGE's Health your Glasses fill,
 'Tis that secures our Isle ;
 For Heav'n protects, and always will
 On its own Vicegerent smile.



*Upon the Bells ringing at St. Martins in
 the Fields, on St. George's Day, 1716.
 being the Anniversary of Queen Anne's
 Coronation. By S. C. a loyal Female
 in that Parish.*

I.

PULL on, expiring Tory Boys,
 And please your selves a while with Noise,
 Y'have lost all other Hopes ;
 Your Loyalty to Perkin seal,
 Pull on, ring out your Fun'ral Peal,
 Then hang your selves i'th' Ropes.

II.

'Tis Nancy's Coronation-Day,
 By whom ye hop'd to bring in play
 Young George, the Chevalier.

But Fate, who best disposes Things,
And *pulls down* Queens, and *sets up* Kings,
A better *GEORGE* sent here.

III.

No more the Danger of the Church
Shall leave Religion in the Lurch,
To serve a Popish Cause ;
To undermine the Nation's Friends,
And bring about your Scoundrel Ends,
To overturn our Laws.

IV.

In spite of Necessary Peers,
Created in those Four Black Years,
To save that Traytor, *Harley* ;
The major Part were firm and true,
And *Britain's* Int'rest to pursue,
Did pass the Bill most rarely.

V.

And, maugre all the Tory Hopes
Of *L——'s* Turn and *Sb——n's* Tropes,
'Tis pass'd the Lower House ;
And now a Fig for High-Church Daws,
For their King *Perkin*, and his Cause,
We need not care one Soufe.

VI.

TOWNSHEND and STANHOPE sit at Helm,
And Heav'n, to bless the King and Realm,
Has lengthen'd WALPOLE's Span ;

Three glorious Patriots, yet more true
Than *Rome* or *Sparta* ever knew,
Since first those States began.

VII.

For *WALPOLE*'s Death the Popish Herd,
As constant as the Day appear'd,
Sent up their Pray'rs to *Mary*;
For to her Son they never pray,
Since taught by *Rome*, the other way,
They never can miscarry.

VIII.

But now they utter loud Complaints,
And curse all Male and Female Saints,
WALPOLE still lives, their Curb;
And four long Years, at least, must come,
E'er *French* Pistoles, and Friends to *Rome*,
Our Liberties disturb.



True Protestant Gratitude, or Britain's
Thanksgiving for the First of August,
Being the Day of His Majesty's happy
Accession to the Throne. To the Tune
of, Draw, Cupid, draw, &c.

WHILST slavish *Jacks* their Sorrows boast,
And strive to eclipse the Day
That gave us *GEORGE*, retriev'd us lost,
And doom'd to *France* a Prey.

Let

Let all, who value Freedom's Cause,
 And Slavery despise,
 Rejoice for Him that fav'd our Laws,
 And learn the Gift to prize.

II.

In vain, they say, 'tis *ANNA* dead
 That claims a pious Tear;
 'Tis *Britain* by our Monarch freed,
 And *Penkin's* sad Despair.
 The *Popish* Rebels thus declar'd,
 The Church their only Care;
 And *Bumpkins* were with Danger scar'd,
 'Till Time shew'd what they were.

III.

Can any Man, that's just or brave,
 Join ever in that Cause,
 Which will the Conquerors enslave,
 And put an End to Laws;
 With Wretches, void of Sense or Shame,
 Who sacred Oaths despise,
 Barter Salvation's self for Gain,
 And Interest only prize.

IV.

'Tis true, the *Jacks* have Cause to mourn,
 And curse the happy Day,
 That gave their Cause so bad a Turn,
 And drove our Fears away.
 But Men of Honour all must join
 In Blessings on our King,
 And none but *Popish* Slaves repine,
 Whilst we his Praises sing,

*A New Song. To the Tune of, Which
no Body can deny ; or, Rare Doings
at Bath.*

I.

Attend, and I'll you a Story that's new,
'Tis somewhat that's strange, but yet it is true,
To change a black Hat for a Bonnet that's blue.

Which no body can deny.

II.

A Rogue of a Scot pretends to declare
Against King and Country a traiterous War ;
A perjur'd false Loon, and his Name it is *Mar*.

Which no body, &c.

III.

This crooked Disciple pretends he will bring
A Popish Pretender, whom he calls a King,
For which both himself and his Master may swing.

Which no body, &c.

IV.

By Oaths he has sworn, and the Sacrament took,
His Hand and his Lips have been laid to the Book,
And then like *Judas* his Master forfook.

Which no body, &c.

V.

But first like true Heroes the Rebels we'll bang,
We've Axes and Halters to serve the whole Gang,
And then too like *Judas* himself he may hang.

Which no body, &c.

VI.

In Tumults and Treasons the *Jacobites* cry,
The King's a *Fanatick*, I tell you for why,
Because he is not of a Church they call HIGH.

Which no body, &c.

VII.

What Church 'tis they mean, 'tis plain we can tell,
A Church that the *Jacobites* know very well,
The true Church of *Rome*, that teach *Knaves* to rebel.

Which no body, &c.

VIII.

To prove this Assertion, ye very well know,
Three Traytors that swung for't, and not long ago,
One said he was High-Church, but wou'd not be low.

Which no body, &c.

IX.

But when at Old *Tyburn* he came to the Rope,
He told 'em his Church did belong to the *Pope*,
But still would be High-Church as long as there's Hope.

Which no body, &c.

X.

A true *Papish* Project their Scandal to show,
On a *Protestant* Church, with their High and their Low,
But hang up such Rogues, or the Church they'll o'er-

Which no body, &c.

(throw.

XI.

For *Shepherds* and *Wolves* to be in one Cause,
Against our Religion, our Country, and Laws,
When must the poor Church thus heal up her Flaws?

Which no body, &c.

XII. When

XII.

When Ox——d, that eminent Structure of Study,
In Riots and Treasons their Heads are turn'd giddy,
The Streams must be foul, when the Fountain is muddy.

Which no body, &c.

XIII.

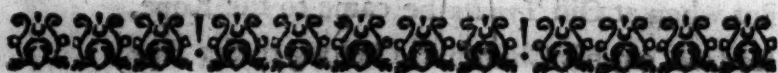
A Protestant King and a Protestant Prince
Three Protestant Kingdoms invited long since ;
But now like old Tricksters the Matter they'd mince.

Which no body, &c.

XIV.

King GEORGE and the Prince, about let it pass,
The Princess and Issue, with all the whole Race,
To Traytors and Villains Confusion of Face.

Which no body will deny, deny, &c.



*The Prologue spoke by Mr. Smyth, at the
opening of his Mug-House in St. John's
Lane.*

GENTLEMEN,

Since nothing can procure your Custom quicker,
Than to be loyal, and to have good Liquor ;
I humbly hope to see this Room each Night
As full as now, with Company as bright !

As for my Ale *,—I'm sure 'tis right—for t'other—
 Why—I don't love to talk or make a Pother ;
 But oft I've been, 'tis known, with *Jacks* engag'd ;
 And oft for speaking Truth the Fools enrag'd.
 Yet always had Success whene'er they rail'd ;
 For if—That † chanc'd to miss—This ‡—never fail'd.
 But now you'll say, because I'm *Grand Pa Pa*,
He's old, and to a Tory must give way :
 Hold—not so fast—Give me of This || a Plenty,
 I'll yet do Thus |||, or Thus **,—with one of Twenty.
 But banging several of these paltry Men,
 It cost me many Scores of Pounds—what then ?
 Your Visits soon will make it up again.
 Nor is it for my self I speak alone,
 There is my Wife,—'tis true, she is but one,
 But *segs* she'll play her Part against the *Tyler's Son* :
 In short, our only Trust's in *Whiggish Friends*,
 Let's have their Favour, and we gain our Ends.
 A Mug-House Club has lent *Long-Acre* Fame,
 And swiftly spread throughout the Realm its Name ;
 So you, kind Sirs, can with the greatest Ease
 Make *St. John's Lane* as famous when you please.

* *Tastes it.*

† *Pointing at his Head.*

‡ *His Oaken Towel.*

|| *Takes up the Mug.*

||| *Mimicking to box.*

** *Mimicking to Fence.*

The Rueful Day: or the Tories Thanksgiving, on June 7. 1716. To the Tune of, To you, Dear Ormond.

I.

Since it must be our wretched Case
This rueful Day to see,
We'll therefore each an Emblem wear
Of what our Fate must be:
For Rue and Wormwood is our Lot,
Since we have miss'd our glorious Plot.

With a fa la la.

II.

But then be brisk, my bonny Lads,
Chear up, my TORY Boys,
The Birth-day of our Monarch adds
New Being to our Joys;
Our Wormwood then we'll cast away,
And with the Rose adorn the Day.

With a fa la.

III.

With Oaken Boughs we lately strove
To bully all the Nation,
And hop'd by blustering in a Crowd
To gain a Restoration;
But we did rue that bitter Day,
When Oaken Plants did briskly play.

With a fa la.

IV. Our

IV.

Our bruised Bones do make us dread
 Again to touch the Oak,
 Or how we other Ensigns wear
 That may the WHIGs provoke ;
 No, we will wear the scentless Rose,
 Pale as the Hero of our Cause.

With a fa la.

V.

If this as all our Arts should lack
 Of answering the End,
 And we lose Hopes of bringing back
 Our long desired Friend,
 We'll all die Martyrs for our K—g,
 And make our *Exit* in a String.

With a fa la la.



On the Pretender's Expedition to Scotland. To the Tune of Dear Catholick Brother, &c.

I.

From *Havre de Grace*
 Poor *Perkin* set Sail,
 Under Views of a Crown,
 With a Mob at his Tail.

II. To

II.

To save the poor CHURCH
From its tumbling down,
And to gain Indefeazible
Right to the Crown,

III.

Or—— A General who had
More *Fury* than *Brains*,
Was thought the most proper
To Head the *Wild Clans*.

IV.

Lef—— And a *Chaplain* who had
No *Conscience* at all,
Was thought full as proper,
At Resistance to Rail,

V.

With this blessed Crew,
O'er th' Ocean he came,
Just to see his old Friends,
And to creep back again.

VI.

But, to shew that he always
Delighted in War,
The very sight of a Cannon
Created a Fear.

VII.

And Gunpowder had such
An ill favour'd Scent,
That he and his Friends
Began soon to repent.

VIII. And

VIII.

And it caus'd them to weep,
When they saw the poor CHURCH,
By a set of False Brethren,
Thus left in the Lurch,

IX.

But before he departed,
He left them a Letter,
Wherein he declared,
His full Thoughts of the Matter.

X.

That seeing he had
Neither Courage nor Hand,
He Gracelessly left them
No other Command,

XI.

Than that they all might
Repair to their Quarters,
Or else stand it out bluff,
And so die all Martyrs.

Funis Coronat Opus.

Yours, Philo-Georgius

GREAT

**GREAT BRITAIN's Triumph: Or,
The Demolishers demolish'd, and the
Hopes of Prince Perkin's Friends and
Abettors for ever extinguish'd. To
the Tune of, Now comes on the Glo-
rious Year.**

CHeer up and sing ye Loyal Hearts,
Who have so bravely plaid your Parts;
To baffle all their hellish Arts

Who hate our *Faith's Defender* ;
May ev'ry Rebel now fall down,
That would deprive him of his Crown,
Or in the least Prince *Perkin* own,

That silly vain Pretender.

'Tis strange that sorry, scoundrel Child,
By any Wretches shou'd be styl'd
Great *James* the Third, serene and mild,

To whom they'll still be Loyal ;
For let those Rebels, if they can,
Make us forget the *Warming Pan*,
Which first convey'd that pretty Man
Into the Chamber Royal.

The Youth has now lost Heart and Head,
For ah ! his brave * *Smock Hero's* fled,
His Grandfire *Lewis* too is dead,
Was ever Fate so cruel ?

* *The Doe-Hunter.*

With

And if his hearty Friend *Lorain*
Should trust him on the *British Main*,
With Bricks we'll pelt him back again,

Or maul him with a Trowel.

A Cap he may have from the Pope,
But from old *England* he must hope,
For nought unless it be a Rope,

Which he does richly merit.

The *Ape* entrapp'd must not complain,
Since he forsooth as King would reign,
And why should *Perkin* then disdain

The *Ape's* Lot to inherit.

Well then, adieu, thou empty Thing,
We have a Rightful, Gracious King,
Whose Praises we will ever sing

With Heart and Voice unfeigned,

A Prince he is of such Renown,
His Real Worth deserves a Crown,
For a greater *Hero* ne'er was known,

Whose *Honour* ha'n't been stained.

Our *British* Annals speak at large,
Of wondrous Things done by St. *George*,
In rescuing of a beauteous Charge;

This, this we justly brag on,
The Valiant and Illustrious Knight
Did with undaunted Courage fight,
Brought off the *Fair*, and slew out-right

A huge, unweildy Dragon.

But th' * *Dragon* of a *Scarlet Red*,
 With Ten sharp *Horns* and seven-fold *Head*,
 Whose fury Potent Princes dread,

Our Glorious KING shall conquer,
 And then more truly we may say
 Our *British GEORGE* did bravely slay
 The *Dragon* fam'd for bloody Prey,
 Which for our Lives did hanker.

Our Monarch's Praise by this shall roll
 More swift than Shot from *Pole* to *Pole*,
 No Earthly Prince shall him controul,

But beg his kind Assistance.
Rome long with fatal Errors lost,
 Shall find its curst Designs all cross,
 It never more shall us accoss,
 Or make the least Resistance.



*A full and ample Explanation,
 Of one King James's Declaration.*

W^{IT}h all the Charms of *France* and *Rome*,
 I to my Native Country come ;
Popery in one Hand, (from our Mother)
 And *Slavery* I bring in th' other,
 To Rescue you from the Oppression
 Of *Laws* and *Protestant Succession* :

* *Papal Rome.*

I doubt not but each honest Tory
 Will own my *Right Hereditary*.
 Know then I am *the very Man*,
 Descended from the *Warming-Pan*.
 I've hir'd some Pirests with ready *Rino*,
 To prove my *Right Jure Divino*.
 No *Union* shall henceforth molest,
 But *Party-Discord* fill the Breast
 Of my true Subjects, who defy
 The Name of *Christian-Charity*.
 I've brought the necessary Tools,
 To serve the *Knaves*, and please the *Fools*.
 Here's a *French Sponge*, with which I'll pay
 The *Nation's Debts* the shortest way.
 For *Perjury* here's a *Dispensation*,
 Will cure the *Qualms* of half the *Nation*.
 To shew I am the *true Pretender*,
 My Subjects of the *Doubtful Gender*,
 I value most, such as will *break*,
Oaths for *pretended Conscience* sake ;
 Pretend the *Danger of the Church*,
 Only to leave it in the *Lurch*.
 To their new *Schemes* I am no *stranger*;
 I'll quickly put it out of *Danger*.
 I'll change the *Genius* of the *Nation*,
 By a new *Transubstantiation*.
 And make your *darling Church* become,
 From *Church of England*, *Church of Rome* ;
 Yet can pretend to act the *Thing*,
 Call'd *Protestant*, as well as *King*.

In doing this, I make no doubt,
 My *High-Church Friends* will help me out,
 That my *Success*, and their own *Ruin*,
 May both appear to be their Doing.
 Had my *Dear Sister* been but living,
 I might have hop'd it of *her giving* ;
 But she alas, is gone, and all
 Her *latest Servants*, I could call
 My *Friends*, disgrac'd, and out of Power,
 Nay some committed to the *Tower*,
 - *Impeach'd* ! Who then but must resent,
 To see a *British Parliament*,
 With all the Power of Arms and Laws,
 So zealously oppose my Cause :
 Pay *Dutch*, raise *English Troops* and Seamen,
 And may, perhaps, bring more from *Bremen*.
 Can my good Subjects bear this still,
 And thus be *sav'd against their Will* ?
 However, if you'll still consent,
 To *Damn* that Thing call'd *Parliament*,
 Burn *Magna Charta*, bring Confusion
 On all Things since the Revolution,
 Be govern'd by no other *Measure*,
 But my own *Sovereign Will and Pleasure*,
 I'll pardon all, and what I've promis'd, grant ye,
 All *Oaths of Coronation*, *non obstante*.

To Mr. G. R.

*The Tories Letter to the Pretender.
To the Tune of, To you, dear Ormond,
cross the Seas, &c.*

TO you, dear *Jemmy*, at *Lorain*,
We mournful *Tories* send ;
Unless you'll venture one Campaign,
Our Cause is at an End :
We've nothing left but to be stout,
For all our Plots are now found out.

With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

We sent you first Lord *Bolingbroke*,
In hopes to bring you over,
And then we sent wise *Ormond's Duke*,
That Rival of *Hanover* ;
You need not fear if you are beat,
Since he's so good at a Retreat.

With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

The Church, with Pray'rs, will fight for you,
The Mother Church of *Rome*,
And full of Grace and Money too,
How can you be o'ercome ?
And since you come to raise her Head,
In Church's Cause you must succeed.

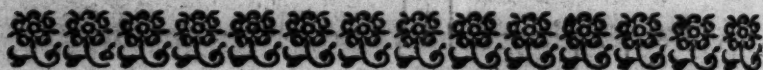
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

What tho' Old *Leavis* he is gone,
 The *Pope* is on our Side,
 And he will lift you to the Throne,
 And there your Counsels guide ;
 Whilst *Berawick*, and your *Irish* Guard
 Give *Hereticks* their due Reward.

With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

The Ways of Fortune oddly run,
 Then be not now cast down,
 She rais'd you from a *Tyler's* Son,
 To raise you to a Crown ;
 Then hasten here, if you be wise,
 For soon the People will have Eyes.

With a fa, la, la, la, &c.



A Trip to the Mountains.

I.

U Nable now the Sword to weild,
 Or in fair Fight to keep the Field,
 False *Mar* is marching to *Dunkeld*.

II.

What means so many a Barricade ?
 Which to secure his Flight is made,
 Since Destiny has no Blockade.

III. His

III.

His famish'd Troops, I know, will pine,
And look e're long like *Pharaoh's Kine*,
For all his Mealy Magazine.

IV.

Dumblain has put him in Distress;
His Danger now is not the less,
From *Elgin* and from *Inverness*.

V.

Each Rebel-Clan shall lose a Head,
In Murder and in Plunder bred,
For *Forfar's* Blood so basely shed.

VI.

Whilst *S———* in Allegiance reels,
Huntley and *Seaforth* take to Heels,
And *Mar* to the next Sea-port steals.

VII.

Let every Highlander hie home;
For Madness 'tis for Country Loon,
To crown a base-born *Thing* at *Scoon*.



Advice to the Britons.

What a Buffle is made about High-Church and
(Low-Church,
By a Pack of lewd Knaves that in Truth are of no
(Church!

What a knocking of Pates have we seen by the Mob,
 Who fight High or Low, as they're paid for the Job!
 What a Zeal have some shown a poor *Meeting* to batter,
 Who cry out for *the Church*, tho' they never come at her!
 Brave *Britons* be wise, know your Friends from your Foes,
 And be not so stupidly led by the Nose.
 Tell the Doctor how well may *False Brethren* deride us,
 When such knavish Distinctions are coin'd to divide us.
 Bid his *Gravity* clearly this Riddle explain;
 A Low-Church that's *Devout*, and a High that's *Profane*.
 Let him tell ye how Railing and Mobbing agree,
 With his Passive-Obedience to Sov'reign Decree;
 Or an *Oath to the King*, with a *Health to Pretender*,
 Or the *Protestant Faith*, with a *Popish Defender*.
 Let him tell you when Kingdoms were flourishing made,
 By encouraging *Priestcraft*, discouraging *Trade*;
 When a King that was wise, us'd a Conduct so strange,
 As to build up a Steeple with *Stones of the Exchange*?
 When Zealots by *Fines and Prisons* were frighted;
 Or the Fire of Devotion in *Smithfield* was lighted.
 View the Company well among whom you engage;
 On his Side are all the lewd Names of the Stage.
Bully Huff swears like Thunder, and swaggers and draws;
 Let who will go to Pray'rs, he'll go fight for the Cause.
Harry-stippus swears high by his Brandy and Bottle,
 He could stand for *High-Church* tho' he swallow'd a Pottle.
Robin-Hood from *High-way* and *High-Church* ne're will part,
 And he'll visit *St. Andrews*, tho' 'twere in a Cart.
 But to make up the Wonder see *Teague O Divelly*,
 Swears by his own Shoul he loves *Shursh* as his Belly.
 And

And is n't this now a most blest'd Reformation,
Which the Reverend D-ct-r has wrought in the Nation?
That Ruffians, and Robbers, and Drunkards, and Monks,
Prove as true to his Cause, as Bullies to Punks!
That High-Church and the Play-house love as Daughter
and Mother,

And what's a Hero in *One*, is a Saint in the *Other*!
Then give him at parting some Ghostly Advice,
Close to stick to his Text, as to Beggars do Lice;
Not to dabble in Politicks, lest he besot him;
For whoe'er was his *Sire*, Mazarine *ne'er* begot him;
Not unmindful to be of rash *Idrus* Fate,
Who once *Flying* too *High*, repented too late.



*An Allusion to Horace, Book I. Ode
XXII.*

(a) **T**HE Man that loves his King and Nation,
And shuns each vile Association,
That trusts his honest Deeds i'th' Light,
Nor meets in dark Cabals, by Night,
With Fools, who, after much Debate,
Get themselves hang'd, and save the State,

(a) *Integer vita, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ :*

Needs

Needs not his Hall with Weapons store,
 Nor dreads each Rapping at his Door ;
 Nor sculks, in fear of being known,
 Or hides his Guilt in Parson's Gown ;
 Nor wants, to guard his gen'rous Heart,
 The Ponyard or the poison'd Dart ;
 And, but for Ornament and Pride,
 A Sword of Lath might cross his Side,

(b) If o'er St. *James's* Park he stray,
 He stops not, pausing in his Way ;
 Nor pulls his Hat down o'er his Face,
 Nor starts, looks back, and mends his Pace,
 Or if he ramble to the *Tower*,
 He knows no Crime, and dreads no Power ;
 But thence returning, free as Wind,
 Smiles at the Barrs he left behind.

(c) Thus, as I loiter'd t'other Day,
 Humming—*O every Month was May*—
 And, thoughtless how my Time I squander'd,
 From *Whitehall* thro' the *Cockpit* wander'd,

(b) *Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel qua loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.*

(c) *Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabina,
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
 Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
 Fugit inmerem.*

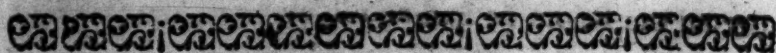
A Messenger, with surly Eye,
 View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.
 (d) No sharper Look or rougher Mien
 In *Scotish* Highlands e'er were seen ;
 Nor Ale and Brandy ever bred
 More pimpl'd Cheeks, or Nose more red ;
 And yet, with both Hands in my Breast,
 Careless I walk'd, nor shun'd the Beast.

(e) Place me among a hundred Spies,
 Let all the Room be Ears and Eyes,
 Or search my Pocket-Books and Papers,
 No Word or Line shall give me Vapours.
 Send me to *Whigs* as true and hearty
 As ever pity'd poor M——ry ?
 Let T——d, S——d be there,
 Or R——n W——e in the Chair.

(d) *Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit æsculetis :
 Nec Fuba tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix.*

(e) *Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ :
 Quod latus mundi nebula, malisque
 Jupiter urget :
 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ ;
 Dulcè videntem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulcè loquentem.*

Or send me to a Club of *Tories*,
 That damn and curse at *Marlbro's* Glories,
 And drink——but sure none such there are!—
 The Dev'l, the Pope, and Rebel *M—r* :
 Yet still my Loyalty I'll boast,
 King *GEORGE* shall ever be my Toast ;
 Unbrib'd his glorious Cause I'll own,
 And fearless scorn each Traytor's Frown.



MAR, aliàs *RAM*. *An Anagram.*

M *AR* (read it *Ram* the other way)
 Has made a Push, and lost the Day,
 And turns his Tail to *Firth* of *Tay*.
 Perhaps (tho' so well taught to trick it)
 Caught by his *Back* in Highland Thicket,
 At last a Victim he may bleed,
 For leading wrong that shagged Breed,
 Which now in doleful manner slain,
 Cover the Fields about *Dumblain*.

This tatter'd Flock might have lain still,
 Or safely skip'd from Hill to Hill,
 Knapping short Commons on a Rock,
 Far from War's Din, or Battle's Shock :
 Within their Pens (their Clans I mean)
 They might have graz'd their coarse *Dewesh*,

If one *crook'd* Master of the Herd,
 Had not thus led them by the Beard,
 Caus'd them to stray from Shire to Shire,
 To dabble deeper in the Mire.

Now stripp'd of Plads (their native Fleeces)
 See! how they run to Clefts and Breaches,
 Content to shiver in a Cave,
 Rather than find a Lowland Grave.

No sooner got on *Champion* Ground,
 Than *some* are put in *Preston* Pound ;
Others fly into Fold at *Perth*,
 When (Lyon like) *Argyle* comes forth.
 Regardless of Rebellious Bleat,
Argyle at *Sterling* takes his Seat,
 Lies *Couchant* in neglectful Way,
 Prepar'd to spring upon his Prey :
 But when th' insulting *Ram* appears,
 Heading his hardy Mountaineers,
 He quits his Den with Rage to fall on,
 And kills and Wastes to River *Allan* ;
 Asserts the *Royal Rampant* Cause,
 Fights for his Country, and the Laws,
 And tears his Foe with *British* Paws.



A Whig-Riddle for the Tory Omen-Hunters, &c. To the Tune of, You Fair Ladies.

I.

GO doting Wretches and enquire,
 Why Crickets make a Dinn,
 Within the Verge of Kitchin Fire?
 And why the Spiders spin?
*Solve but these Doubts and I'll declare,
 Tories true English Subjects are.*

II.

Go ask the Swine, t'inform your Minds
 Why with erected Nose,
 They threaten the Approach of Winds,
 Before the Tempest blows?
*Declare but this, and I'll soon shew
 Rebels are Subjects good and true.*

III.

Question old Dames, why it portends
 That pregnant Clouds shall break
 To Showers of Rain, if Smoke descends,
 Or Corns or Noddle ake?
*When this Point's clear'd, 'tis understood
 The Pope promotes the Church's good.*

IV.

Whence is't when *Ignes Fatui* blaze
 Affrighted Rusticks run?

Go ask the *Swallow* why she stays
 No longer than the Sun?
The Passive P———ts, this Truth advance,
No longer Pipe no longer Dance.

V.

Demand how they the Church sustain,
 Who durst betray the State?
 Next ask how they who gave up *Spain*
 Increas'd our Store of Plate?
And in Return I'll fairly sing,
A Tory serves his God and King.

VI.

Go ask the Men of *Oxford*, why
 Some Wights who late wore Garters,
 Came to be canoniz'd as Saints,
 E're they commenc'd as Martyrs?
Let Alma Mater shew a Reason
Why Loyal Feasting's counted Treason.

VII.

Vengeance is sure altho' she's slow,
 And moves on Leaden Wings,
 Nor shall they unregarded go,
 Who vex the best of Kings,
And British Justice tho' they buff her,
Says Oxford and her Earl shall suffer.

(Joy after Sorrow) *A New Song, the
Words made to the D'Aumond's Mi-
nuet, by T. D.*

I.

LET *Burgundy* flow,
Let the *Glas* run o'er, let the *Glas* run o'er
To cure all our woe, (Boys,
Let the *Glas* run over the Brim,
Tho' *Anna* is gone,
Think of it no more, think of it no more Boys,
Great *GEORGE* now comes on,
Toast away your Bumpers to him,
Tho' the fewds were so big,
'Twixt the *Tory* and *Whigg*,
That the Mischiefs pursuing, prov'd almost our Ruin,
Like a Prophet I know,
They will be no more so, (and Low.
We've a KING will unite now, both High-Church

II.

And now your Hand's in,
Fill it up again, fill it up again there,
To all these brave Men,
Who their hate to *Lorrain* bear strong,
Who frantick with Pride,
Boldly durst defend, lately the *Pretender*,
And if I'm not wide,
Will be sure to pay for't e'er long,

Nor

Nor a less Glass let's have,
 To the *Cattalans* brave,
 Who hold out with a Glory, not equall'd in Story,
 For not *Cesar* in *Gaul*,
 Nor the great *Hanibal*,
 Ever equall'd their Chief with a number so small.



An Epitaph on Bona-Fide.

HERE lies an Old Man of Seventy-seven,
 Who dy'd as he liv'd, yet hoped for Heaven:
 For *Faith* and *Good Works*, the two saving Things,
 He out-did all Potentates, Princes, and Kings:
 There's *Utrecht* and *Ryswick*, and *Spanish Partition*,
Old Renunciation, and *New Demolition*.
 And as for *Good Works*, no Man had the like,
 Begin at *Landau*, and end at *Mardyke*.
 For if the *Most Christian* wants *Justification*,
 His only *Good Works* are *Fortification*.
 And as for his *Sins*, the *Jesuits* make good,
 That he gets *Remission* by shedding much *Blood*.

Some thought him *Immortal*, some *Honest* and *Just*,
 Yet he rotted and died in the Month of *August*,
 As did his good S——r now moulder'd to *Dust*.
 But the *Mortification* is greater by far,
 To *Pope*, *Turk* and S——e, and *Knight of Le Bar*:
 To *Jacks* and false *Furors* such Deaths are *sad Stories*,
 For *Old Bona Fide* was *Head of the Tories*.

But as he lay dying on Royal State-Bed,
 Rememb'ring best Friends, 'tis whisper'd, he said,
 O Robin of Radnor, Take Care of thy Head;
 O James Duke of Ormond, my Irish Dear Foy,
 I bequeath thee to Villars, when he wants a Decoy;
 O high-mettl'd Harry, go cool thy lewd Fire,
 By Maintenon's Leave, with her Nuns of St. Cyr.
 O Bold C——s of S——n, Expect a Defeat;
 O Turk in Morea, Resolve to Retreat;
 O Philip of Spain, More tractable prove;
 O Duke of Lorrain, Pretender remove;
 O Clement of Rome, Thy Church-Bull recall;
 And, if Worcester says true, Prepare for a Fall;
 For GEORGE of Great-Britain will manage you all.

A Song to a Minuet at a Ball, on the hap-
 py Coronation Day of GEORGE our
 King, October the 20th. Set by Mr.
 William Corbett, one of his Majesties
 Servants, for two Voices.

I.

HAIL happy Day,
 That did display,
 The Coronation of our KING.
 Hail happy Day,
 That did display,
 The Coronation of our KING.

Chorus.

Chorus. Let all rejoice,
And with one Voice,
The great King *GEORGE* his Praises sing.

Chorus. Let all rejoice,
And with one Voice,
The great King *GEORGE* his Praises sing.

II.

'Tis He, 'Tis He,
That keeps us free,
And with his mighty Strength defies;

The Chevalier;
From coming here,

Chorus. And quells his Traiterous Allies.

III.

Grant Heaven, He wears,

For many Years,

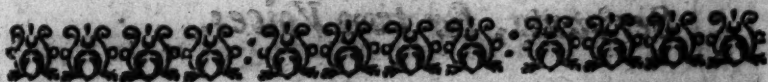
The Gift of Providence his Crown;

And may all those,

That are his Foes,

By Loyal Arms be soon cut down.

Chorus. Grant Heaven, &c.



*The Right and True History of Perkin.
To the Tune of, — O London is a
fine Town.*

YE Whiggs, and eke you Tories give Ear to what I
(Sing,

For it is about the Chevalier, that silly Wou'd-be-King:

He boasts of his Nobility, and when his Race began,
 Tho' his Arms they are Two Trowels, and his Crest a
 (Warming-pan.

When first he came to Scotland, in our Dear Sister's Reign,
 He look'd, but did not like the Land, and so went Home
 (again.

Ye *Whiggs*, and eke you *Tories* give Ear to what I
 (Sing,

For 'tis about the *Chevalier* that *silly Wou'd-be-King*.

Soon after, our Dear Sister, did make a Peace with France,
 And then the *Perkinites* did laugh, to see the Devil
 Ye *Whiggs*, &c. (dance.

And then to please the growling *Whiggs*, who *Perkin*
 (could not brook,

The slim young Man was sent to graze, as far as Bar-
 Ye *Whiggs*, &c. (le-duc.

But yet when *D'Aumont* hither came, to tie the League
 (full close,

Young *Perkin* tarry'd at *Lorrain*, or came to *Som'set-*
 Ye *Whiggs*, &c. (house.

The L—ds then did Address the Q—n to do what she
 (deny'd,

Until Sir *Patrick*, and the *Prigg*, were safe on t'other
 Ye *Whiggs*, &c. (Side.

Then came a Proclamation out, to give five Thousand
 (Pound,

To any one who *Perkin* took upon the *English* Ground.
 Ye *Whiggs*, &c.

Soon after, *Semper Eadem*, this Mortal Life departs,
Which Thing almost broke *Chevalier's* and *Bona fide's*
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (Hearts.)

Then Royal *GEORGE* of *Hanover*, to happy *Britain*
(comes,
With joyful Noise upon the *Thames*, of Trumpets, and
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (of Drums.)

The Trait'rous *Tory* Tools, then did cringe to seek for
(Grace,
And swore to be most Loyal Lads, if they were kept in
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (Place.)

But when the Leaders found the King their Treason did
(espy,
Away with speed they fled to *France*, the Traytors San-
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (ctuary.)

This made the High-Priest cry aloud, *the Danger of the*
(Church,
Because those *Pillars* from her split, and left her in the
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (Lurch.)

Then *Bungy* and his Gang, harangu'd the senseless Mob
(to win 'em,
And rous'd 'em up to serve the Lord, as tho' the *De'il* was
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (in 'em.)

They Lifted Thieves, and Jayl Birds, and Rogues of
(ev'ry Town,
The Ladies Chaste of *Drury-Lane*, and the Whore of
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (Babylon.)

Depending on this pious Crew of *Non-resisting Saints*,
 They thought by Plundering of the *Whigs*, to make up
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (all their Wants.

Then to begin the Show, Lord *Mar*, that never was
 (upright,
 To Summon all his Bag-Pipe-Men, to *Scotland* took his
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (flight.

He sent his Baillie *Jockey* round, to summon all his
 (Clanns,
 With a Confort of Bag-pipes—it should been *Warm-*
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (ing-Pans.

He told 'em they might all for mighty *Honours* look,
 For he that was before a *Lord*, was now become a *Duke*.
 Ye *Whigs*, &c.

They all (he said) should great Men be, which was
 (the Way to win 'em,
 So he got an Army of Captains all, and scarce a Soldier
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (in 'em.

And finding of his Numbers great, he sent a *Brigadeer*,
 To joyn a Band of *Fox-Hunters*, that were near *Lanca-*
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (shire.

These march'd into *Preston* Town, the Women for to
 (frighten,
 And there they shew'd their Talent lay, in Marching,
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (not in Fighting.

They

They challeng'd Gen'ral *Carpenter* to run with them a
(Race,
And troth they beat him out and out, he could not
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (keep 'em pace.

But *Wills* with expeditious March these Foot-pads did
(surround,
And then they look'd like harmless Sheep coop'd up
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (within a Pound.

Then *Forster* got a *Poffet*, and gave his Priest the *Tytbe*,
But *Poffet* could not make the Priest or General look
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (blithe.

Then *Forster* and his perjur'd Crew surrender Prisoners,
And show'd they were no *Whigs*, for they did not de-
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (light in Wars.

Then as they march'd to *London*, Oh ! 'Twas a gallant
(Show,
The *Whigs* bid the Musick play, *Traytors all a-row*.
Ye *Whigs*, &c.

About this Time, the said Lord *Mar* (depending on
(his Number,)
March'd up against the *Brave Argyle*, and thought to
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (bring him under.

But tho' he had full four to one (which you must say
(is odds)
Of Highland Loons dress'd dreadfully, with Bonnet
Ye *Whigs*, &c. (Durks and Plads

Yet Bold *Argyle*, with Britons brave, engag'd him near
 (Dumblain,
 And soon with Loss made him retire much faster than
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (he came.

Then *Mar* sent to the *Chevalier*, to hasten o'er to *Scoon*,
 And said, he should not want a Crown, tho' the Ale-
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (wives pawn'd their Spoon.

But *Mar*'s Design was plainly, when next they went to
 (fight,
 Only to show a dismal Thing, which would like Death's
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (Head fright.

At length the pale-fac'd *Hero* came, and like an *Owler*
 (lands,
 Indeed he had much Reason, for the Goods were Con-
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (trabands.

Assoon as he arrived, a *Scottish Ague* took him,
 And tho' he swallow'd *Jesuit's Bark*, Good Lady! how
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (it shook him.

The Non-resisting Damsels, believ'd the Omen bad,
 When at first Speech the *Baby* cry'd, which made his
 Ye *Whigs*, &c. (Council mad,

But when he heard *Argyle* approach'd with Army in
 (Array,
 As *Perkin* came in like a Thief, so again he stole away.
 Ye *Whigs*, &c.

So there's an End of *Perkin*, and thus I end my Lays,
 With God preserve our Glorious *GEORGE*, and all his
Ye Whigs, &c. (Royal Race.

*An Epilogue recommending the Cause of
 Liberty to the Beauties of Great Bri-
 tain. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, at the
 Theatre Royal.*

NOW since the Force of rude Rebellion's fled,
 And Loyalty triumphant lifts her Head,
 Methinks 'twere ev'ry *British* Subject's Care
 To kill henceforth the Seeds of Civil War:
 Our Chiefs have done their Part, and quell'd the Riot,
 But, Ladies, now 'tis your's, to keep us quiet.
 Would you your utmost Charms, and Art employ,
 How firm might be the Blessings we enjoy?
 You scarce can look, or move, but to your Prince
 It might be made of Use, and Consequence:
 The thing's so plain—for those, that would destroy all,
 Reserve your Frowns; your Favours for the Loyal:
 Stout tho' the Traitor be, that Thought must grate him,
 For who'd rebel, to have that Circle hate him?
 Or who so cold, that would not Northward roam,
 To have from such bright Eyes his Welcome home?
 With Scorn relentless treat those wretched Elves,
 That durst be Slaves to any, but your selves.

For

For where's the Glory to make him your Slave,
That would not die, his Liberty to save ?
Or where indeed your Safety, if your Sense
Should trust his Oaths, who broke them to his Prince ?

Happy our Monarch, that his glorious Cause
Such Troops of Beauty to his Service draws ;
As happy too those Beauties, whose soft Charms
Are kept in chearful Lustre by his Arms :
While they, that are his Foes (for such there are)
From Disappointments are no longer Fair ;
Pale Envy has of late so worn the Creatures,
Or Rage so flush'd them, that they've spoil'd their
Features.

How could their Sense of Freedom be so slender,
To choose a weak and bigotted Pretender
Before their Faith and Liberty's Defender ?
Let them for shame henceforth consult their Glasses,
And mend their Hearts in pity to their Faces.

Women have dreadful Reasons, more than Men,
T'exert their Force against a Tyrant's Reign ;
For, where those rule, they double Fetters wear,
To Slaves, all Slaves, tho' exquisitely Fair.
What *English* Heart could bear the *Turkish* Fate ?
'Tis cold coquetting in the Sultan's Stare ;
Each Tyrant Spouse is there allow'd ten Wives,
Who lead (be sure) most comfortable Lives !
There Happy she, that has the Tythe of One,
Whose All were no such Catch, tho' all her own.
In *Persia's* Realms the Female Fate yet worse is,
Mere Cattel there, like Camels sold, or Horses,

In *Spain* and *Italy* but little better,
Where irksome Jealousy's their constant Fetter.

No, Sirs,
For Women (search the Globe) you scarce will hit on
One Place so sweet to live in, as old *Britain*.

Some foreign Climes, 'tis true, more Sun may boast,
Or better Fruits, Wine cheap, or milder Frost,
More choice Antiquities, or stately Tow'rs ;
But then they've no such Government, as ours :
For where's that Realm can shew us Souls so free,
Or Human Nature in such Dignity ?

Since then such Joys in *Britain* only flow,
How much to guard them, Ladies, lies on you ?
And as the World can no such Monarch boast,
Let *Royal GEORGE* be ev'ry *BEAUTY's* Toast.



*RUE and TYME : A merry Song. To
the Tune of, The Vicar of Taunton-
Dean.*

I.

AS I walk'd along fair *London* Town,
The Rascally *Tories* flock'd up and down,
Tho' a Thanksgiving-Day, they look'd wretchedly blue,
Stuck up with their *Rosemary, Tyme and Rue.*

Fa, la, la, &c.

II. The

II.

The first that I met was an *Irish-man* bold,
 Kin to *Ormond*, who betray'd his Country for Gold:
 By *St. Patrick*, said he, 'tis most certainly true,
 That more of my Friends smell of *Hemp* than of *Rue*,
Fa, la, la, &c.

III.

Then an *Oxford* Student came next in the Throng,
 Swears he'll bring in *Perkin* before it be long;
 He'll stand for the *High-Church* and *Chevalier* too;
 But if *Tyburn* should catch him, the *Time* he wou'd
Fa, la, la, &c. (*Rue.*)

IV.

Then a Non-juring Parson came jogging by,
 Look'd much on the *Quear*, but plaguy sly,
 Said, Friends, I can't now rejoice with you,
 For the *Time* is come, that I always did *Rue*.
Fa, la, la, &c.

V.

Then a North-Country Rebel arrived from far,
 Of the Race of that perjur'd Traytor *Mar*:
 My Friends, said he, it will never do;
 However, for once, I'll wear *Tyme* and *Rue*.
Fa, la, la, &c.

VI.

Some of *Bolingbroke's* Whores, on the seventh of *June*,
 Came dancing along to a High-Church Tune;
 Dress'd up with their *Tyme*, and their *Rosemary* too;
 But the saucy Jades had forgot their *Rue*.
Fa, la, la, &c.

VII. For

For *Jacks* to wear *Rosemary*, was certainly right,
 Because they wou'd hang before they wou'd fight.
 As for those that are fled with the *Perkinite* Crew,
 They have left all their Friends to wear *Tyme* and *Rue*.
Fa, la, la, &c.



*The Loyal Britain's Welcome to King
 George, upon his safe Return. To
 the Tune of, Now comes on the Glo-
 rious Year.*

I.

Welcome, Great *GEORGE* of high Renown,
 To *Britain*, and to *Britain's* Crown,
 By Law and Right it is your own,
 And to your Heirs for ever:
 That *Britain's* Crown is *GEORGE's* due,
 All Loyal Subjects will allow,
 But *Tories* that were never true
 To none but the *Pretender*.

II.

Great Royal *GEORGE*, with all our Might,
 We will maintain pour Royal Right,
 We'll stand for you both Day and Night,
 And will be Loyal ever:

And

And Manfully will we oppose
 All them that are Great *GEORGE's* Foes;
 Tho' they were high, they shall lie close,
 We'll make them shake and quiver.

III.

No Bastard we will have to reign,
 It's Royal *GEORGE* that we'll maintain,
 And to his Son Prince *GEORGE* by Name,
 Against the sham *Pretender* :
 Tho' *Tories* they of late did baul
 Against our Church, our King and all,
 Yet now their Pride has got a Fall,
 Which they shall ne'er recover.

IV.

God bless our King, our Prince, and those,
 Who unto *Rome* and *France* are Foes ;
 May Disappointment follow close
 Each Friend of the *Pretender* :
 May *GEORGE* our King, likewise his Son,
 Prove Terrors unto *France* and *Rome*,
 And give that Justice unto some,
 Which they may still remember.



*An Ode upon the Battle of Preston,
entitul'd, Protestants Triumph: Or,
British Liberty maintain'd, in Opposi-
tion to Popish Slavery, Tyranny
and Oppression. To the Tune of,
Now comes on the Glorious Year.*

I.

November the 11th from *Manchester Town*,
Victorious *Wills* with the Troops of the Crown,
March'd boldly to pull the Rebels down;
That posted were at *Preston* :
Resolving to see the Enemies Face,
In Defence of the Laws, and the Good of the Peace
Of the Land, and preserve the Protestant Race
Of *GEORGE* the King of *England*.

II.

The Lord *Derwentwater* the 12th about Noon,
On the South Side the Bridge he form'd a Platoon,
Designing to keep out the Royal Dragoons ;
But Horror quickly seiz'd him :
The Appearance of *Wills* with his Forces compleat,
Made the Rebels to Town in Confusion retreat,
Leave their Cannon behind for fear of being beat
By *GEORGE* the King of *England*.

III. Our

III.

Our victorious Foot the Rebels attack'd
 In the Streets, whilst Thousands of Papists and *Jacks*
 From the Windows cowardly shot on our Backs,
 Whilst the Horse the Town surrounded :
 Resolving to give them a fatal Stroke,
 Detesting the Thoughts of a Popish Yoke,
 Like *Salamander* we liv'd in Fire and Smoak,
 To the Honour of *George of England*.

IV.

The resolute Forces of *George* our King
 Made the broad Sword and Target of *Scotland* ting,
 And the whole County of *Lancaster* ring
 With Thunder from our Army :
 The Action continued bloody and hot,
 That hundreds of Men were slain on the spot,
 And obliged the Pride of the Heads of the Plot
 To submit to *George of England*.

V.

Now *Perkin* and the Pope may for ever despair
 Of being supreme, and reigning here,
 For *French* Dragoons we do not fear,
 Since *George* is our Defender :
 Our Lives and Fortunes we'll venture for our King,
 Whilst *Perkinites* in Halts do swing,
 Then let all true *Britains* joyfully sing
 The Praise of *George of England*.

*The Loyal Briton's Resolution, to stand
by King GEORGE and the Prote-
stant Religion, against Popery, Sla-
very, Tyranny and Oppression. To
the Tune of, Young Phillis.*

SINCE *Nassau* bravely freed us,
And *Brunswick* now doth Head us;
The general Cry is Liberty,
And *Marlbrough* shall lead us.

The *Dutch* and Loyal *Whiggs*,
Are firmly joyn'd in League,
Though *France* and *Rome* pronounce our Doom,
We value not a Figg.

Brave *Marlbrough's* a Commander,
As bold as *Alexander*,
Tho' *Mack* and *Teague* do joyn in League;
It's but a Rope of Sand, Sir.

These *Irish* Cut-throat's Evil,
And *Highlanders* that Snivel;
We'll make the Dogs run to the Bogs,
Or drive them to the Devil.

We have not yet forgot,
How the *British* bravely fought;
The *Dutch* and *Dane* did stand like Men,
Sent *French* and *Teague* to Pot.

At *Hockstet* there they run,
 At *Mons* they were undone,
 We took their Towns in Blood and Wounds,
 With Mortars and with Guns.

Tho' the Bastard should come over,
 From *Dunkirk* unto *Dover*,
 We'll all combine with Loyal Mind,
 And joyn the Brave *Hanover*.

Let Conquering *GEORGE* go round,
 Let Liberty abound ;
 Let Cub who came from *Warming-pan*,
 Ne'er wear the *British* Crown, Sir.

We'll have no Bastards over,
 But we'll have Brave *Hanover* ;
 Let Popish *James* ne'er sail our *Thames*,
 We'll have none but *Hanover*.

Let each Man in his Station,
 Fight bravely for his Nation,
 Against that Thing that would be King,
 In spite of Abjuration.

For ever he's excluded,
 Tho' the Peace it was concluded?
 Let's with one Voice sing and rejoyce,
 We'll be no more deluded.

For the *French* are disappointed,
 And *Harley's* Plots disjointed ;
 Poor *Jemmy* now has lost the Crown,
 And Mighty *GEORGE* anointed.

Let *Cambridge* of Renown,
 His daring Foes beat down ;
 God bless King *GEORGE* in Health and Life,
 To wear the *British* Crown.

Let him in Safety be,
 And have Prosperity ;
 The Grace of *GOD* upon him rest ;
Amen. So let it be.



*A Loyal Scotch Song, entitul'd, The true
 Protestant's Happiness and Satisfac-
 tion under King GEORGE's good
 Government. To the Tune of, O my
 Bonny Highland Laddy.*

WHEN *Britain's* Happiness I view,
 Which under *GEORGE* it does discover,
 Methinks that each good *Protestant*
 Of such a King will be a Lover.
 Sure Providence on *Britain* smiles
 More than it does on any other,
 When such a Blessing it bestows
 As is the Great and Good *Hanover*.

A King whose Virtues so excel,
 As is all *Europe's* Admiration,
 And as a Jewel bright he shines
 For to deck and grace this *British* Nation.
 He's Wise and Prudent, Just and True
 Unto the *Protestant* Religion,
 And under him we need not fear
 The Yoak of *Popish* Superstition.
 We much of late disturbed were
 With Fears of a *Popish* Pretender,
 But now those Fears are banished,
 Since we have got a brave Defender.
 We joyfully receive the News
 Of *GEORGE's* Enemies Consternation,
 Not doubting but we flourish shall
 Under his Wise Administration.
 Our Liberties and Properties
 Of them Great *GEORGE* will be Defender,
 Then sure we need not fear at all
 The *French*, the *Pope*, nor the *Pretender*.
 O *Britain* ! Happy now thou art,
 Since of thy Crown *GEORGE* is Possessor,
 And happy likely for to be
 With a true *Protestant* Successor.
 The Great *William* we may thank
 Who was our Liberty's Restorer,
 Who as a Legacy most Rich,
 Did leave us the Brave *Hanover*.

The Great King *William Britain* may
 With Gratitude his Name remember,
 Who did take Care for to secure
 The Crown from a *Popish Pretender*.
 King *William* for our Church and State
 Did take such Care, and Love discover,
 As for to have the Crown entail'd
 Upon the Great and Good *Hanover*.
 And now with Joyfulness we see
 The Royal *GEORGE* King of our Nation,
 Whose Royal Right we will maintain
 With Courage bold, and true Affection.
 May Providence protect and guide
 Our Royal *GEORGE* that is come over;
 Long may he prosper, live and reign,
 And never meet with an Opposer.



*The Christians Victory over Turks and
 Tories. To the Tune of, Lille bo
 laro, &c.*

Good dear *Eugene*,
 Pray what do you mean?
Lille bo laro, &c.

They cry in the Town,
 You pull *High-Church* down,
Lille bo laro, laro, laro, laro, &c.

Have Mercy, good Sir,
The *Jacks* make a stir,
That you've done the Work
Of their Brother the *Turk*.

The Story of *Dumblain*
Do's yet fresh remain,
And *Preston's* Spot
They have not forgot.

Your Blow comes afresh,
And gives 'em a Gash,
Before they recover
The Smart of th' other.

Good Sir, you've undone
The great *Musslemen*,
The only Expectation
O' the *Jacks* of the Nation.

They swear by what's good,
They are Blood of their Blood,
And Kindred like own,
They are Bone of their Bone.

They are Kin one wou'd swear,
For they run in the Rear,
Preston, Dumblain,
Belgrade and Semlin,

The brave Earl of *Forsar*,
And General *Breiner*,
Shew that they're Men
Of very near Kin.

They swagger and swear,
Look big, Whore and Tare,
'Till Battle comes on,
And then they're all gone.

They brandish their Steels,
But take to their Heels,
Down Musket and Pike,
They both fight alike.

A Health to *Eugene*,
Whose Fame cross the *Main*,
Has bro't News to Town,
And struck the *Jacks* down.

The *Danube* and *Save*,
Shall sing of the Brave
Prince *Eugene* in Story,
Who beat *Turk* and *Tory*.

Then down with them both,
They are Brethren in Troth;
He's crusht half the Nest,
We'll string up the Rest.

Sweet *Marlbrow's Mein*
And *Francis Eugene*,
Lille bo-laro, &c.
Shall finish my Story,
So down with the *Tory*.
Laro, laro, laro, laro, &c.



*Great BRITAIN's Glory over all
her Enemies. To the Tune of, A
begging we will go.*

POX take you foolish *Jacobites*,
You Rebels worse than Rakes,
Who in your curst Inventory
Do make such strange Mistakes:
When a burning you did go, did go, did go,
When a burning you did go.

Pray was not this a Folly,
Let any one suppose,
In burning of Old *Oliver*,
For to mistake his Nose.
When a burning, &c.

For to be plain in Speeches,
This was the very Thing,
Those *Jacobites*, base Wretches,
Would burn the best of Kings:
When a burning, &c.

It was our gracious King *WILLIAM*,
Those wretched Rebels meant :
But by King *GEORGE*'s Noble Boys,
We spoil'd their curs'd intent :
When a burning, &c.

Your curst Inventions and your Plots,
Will cost you many a Scar,
For *Ormond* cannot help those Sots,
Nor their sham Duke of *Mar* :
Tho' a Plotting, &c.

We'll teach such Rogues as those,
Good Manners to them bring ;
And how to know Old *Oliver*'s Nose
From the very best of Kings :
Tho' a Plotting, &c.

Our Noble General *Argyle*,
Likewise the brave *Cadogan*,
They fear no sham *Pretender*,
Neither false *Turk* nor *Pagan*.
When to Battle they do go, &c.

Your *Jacobitish* *Popish* Plots
We do not fear at all,
For low beneath King *GEORGE*'s Feet,
You fall, you fall, you, fall :
When to Battle, &c.

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Your sham Pretender we don't fear,

That left you all a revelling,

Who left his Army in the Rear,

In a Fish-boat went to Graveling:

When to Battle he should go, &c.

The Pretender's gone from Scottish Ground,

At Graveling he is now,

He fain would wear the British Crown,

But knows not when nor how.

But to Graveling he did go, &c.

The pretended Mother when he came,

She fell into a Swoon,

To see that he came back again,

Without Great Britain's Crown.

Then to weeping they did go, &c.

Then God preserve Great GEORGE our King

And eke all honest Men,

And Traytors all to Justice bring,

Amen, Amen, Amen.

Then to Tyburn they must go, &c.



*The Stroler, or a hard Fate, but good
Fate at Last. To the Tune of, Æne-
as Wand'ring Prince of Troy.*

YOUNG Perkin a poor wand'ring Knight,
When he from Highland-Clans did slip,
At length arrived in great Fright
At Graveling, where he left his Ship;
And then did hast with Might and Main
Unto the Dutchy of Lorrain.

*Hard Fate poor Perkin did betide,
And then he sat him down and cry'd.*

Lord, how he trembled when he thought
Upon the Danger he had past!
He thank'd his good Friends, as he ought,
For bringing him safe off at last.
His panting Heart full sore did ake,
And he like Aspen-leaf did quake,
Hard Fate, &c.

I tremble very much indeed,
Says he, but 'tis not out of Fear;
An Ague I began to breed
In Scotland, when I first came there.
O, 'twas a dreadful place to me!
I wish the like I ne'er may see.
Hard Fate, &c.

As soon as that these Tidings came
 Unto the Hospitable Duke,
 He went to meet this Knight of Fame,
 And him most sharply did rebuke :
 His Words did cut like Razor keen,
 And gave the wand'ring Knight the Spleen.
Hard Fate, &c.

O Chevalier, what have you done !
 You've lost the little Fame you had,
 Sure you are not a Prince's Son,
 Nor was unhappy *JAMES* thy Dad.
 Had you but fought for *Britain's* Crown,
 It would have gain'd you much Renown.
Hard Fate, &c.

Now all Mankind will sure believe
 You are a Coward in your Heart ;
 Your Honour you can ne'er retrieve,
 From which you shamefully did part.
 No Prince will now Assistance lend,
 Or be to you henceforth a Friend.
Hard Fate, &c.

A Tale, says *Perkin*, I did frame,
 Before that I the Highlands left,
 To save my Credit and my Fame,
 Of which you say I am bereft :
 Although the fighting *Whigs* do say,
 'Twas Fear which made me run away.
Hard Fate, &c.

I told my Friends a Plot was laid
 For to have ta'en away my Life,
 I said, I was to've been betray'd,
 And so made off to end the Strife.
 Here's good Lord *Mar* who stands by you,
 Has sworn that what I say is true.

Hard Fate, &c.

I must confess I ran away,
 But then it has convinced many,
 A certain Prince (as some do say)
 My Father was, if I had any:
 And you well know I did no more
 Than *James* the Second did before.

Hard Fate, &c.

Now when he and all his rout
 Had stay'd a while at *Bar-le-duc*,
 They for *Avignon* did set out,
 In hopes he should have better Lucks
 From whence he went as far as *Spain*,
 But pensively came back again.

Hard Fate, &c.

He to the *Tories* Word did send,
 That he'd have soon cut out new Work;
 Had not *Eugene*, to *Whigs* a Friend,
 Defeated their Ally, the *Turk*.
 Therefore, says he, 'tis fit that you,
 With me, th' unhappy Time shou'd Rue.

Hard Fate, &c.

The

The *Tories* all for their Relief
 In *Perkin* trust, he in the Pope;
 The surest Way to ease their Grief,
 Is for them to trust in a Rope.
 And Hand in Hand together swing
 With their young Crying wou'd-be King.
Good Fate will Perkin then betide,
Each Tory hanging by his Side.



*The Lamentation of Cowardly run away
 Jemmy, upon his Flight from Scot-
 land. To the Tune of, When my Bon-
 ny Jockey left me; or, Monmouth's
 Farewell.*

When Young *Perkin* was defeated,
 And his Army forc'd to fly;
 Yet being on Horse-back seated,
 To his Men he thus did cry:
 Gentlemen, and Valiant Soldiers,
 Since we are put to this Flight,
 In the Eyes of all Beholders,
 I must bid you, now good Night.

For I'll not venture where Guns rattle,
 Nor yet where the Bullets fly;
 I will never join the Battle,
 For I am afraid to die.

My

My good Soldiers away to the Mountains,
 There you must be forc'd to fly;
 Where you may drink of Water Fountains,
 Till I can your Wants supply.

Our Foe *Argyle* now comes on Sirs,
 With his *Dutch* and *English* Train;

The best way it is to run Sirs,
 Or you surely will be slain.

I will surely lead the Van Sirs,
 For my Legs are long and light;
 If you run, I'll be first Man Sirs,
 I had rather run than Fight.

Wonder not all you that see me,
 I so willing am to fly;

But remember Old King *Femmy*,
 Whose undoubted Son am I:

For I am no Bastard Son Sirs,
 Some would prove, but all in vain;
 For as my Father has done Sirs,
 I will do the like again.

You my Soldiers to be slain Sirs,
 This doth grieve my Heart full sore;

For *Cadogan* with his Train Sirs,
 Will pursue us more and more.

O that I never had venter'd,
 To set Foot with in this Place;

Curst be the Day, I *Scotland* enter'd,
 Since by it my Friends disgrac'd.

They

They have made a dreadful Slaughter,

With my Men they took before;

The loss of brave Derwentwater,

It doth grieve my Heart full sore.

Ill Success always attends me,

My Friends put in *London Tower*;

Fortune never does befriend me,

All my Friends put out of Power.

With my Friends, I must to *France* Sirs;

There we must be forc'd to fly;

And no more to *Scotland* dance Sirs,

If we do, we surely die.

Farewel you my Friends in *England*;

Farewel Friends in *Scotland* too;

Farewel, Farewel, faithful Soldiers,

I must bid you now Adieu.

He ending this Lamentation,

And a Shower of Tears let fall;

Then forsook the *Scottish* Nation,

And his sturdy Soldiers all.

Near the Shore a Ship receiv'd him,

And to *France* he sail'd away;

This Adventure sorely griev'd him,

That King *GEORGE* had got the Day.

Tories

Tories ; *Where's your King? Or, Scotch
Rebels routed.*

I.

Hearken you drunken *Jacobite* Sots,
And a Song to you I will sing ;
Of a Multitude of bare Aris'd Scots,
That fought for a run away King.

II.

The Traytor *Mar* in *Scotland* arose,
Resolved he was Ruin to bring ;
Jockey the Scot, he came without Cloaths,
To fight for a run away King.

III.

Huntley and *Seaforth* did with him joyn,
So hot was they for rebelling ;
Both Earls and Lords did with them combine,
To fight for a run away King.

IV.

Horses provided for silly Sots,
Swords, Targets, with every Thing ;
And mounted they were by bare Aris'd Scots,
To fight for a run away King.

V.

But brave *Argyle*, when he did advance,
And many a Hundred had slain ;
GEORGE's Dragoons did merrily Prance,
And made Rebels run at *Dumblain*.

I

VI. No-

VI.

Noble *Argyle* did swiftly advance,
 And Snow-balls at them did fling;
 Beat some to *Rome*, and others to *France*,
 So drove out the run away King.

VII.

Now foolish *Scots*, I will you advise,
 To be Passive in every Thing;
 See you no more in Rebellion rise,
 Against *GEORGE* your Sovereign King.

VIII.

Now you false *Scots*, are all at a loss,
 Since *Femmy* has left you to swigs;
 You shall be hang'd on Saint *Andrew's Cross*,
 If you fight for a run away King.



The Tories prov'd Liars, by a Friend
to King GEORGE. To the Tune
of, Which no Body can deny.

I'LL tell you a Story, now listen and hear,
 How *Rebellious Tories* belie my Lord Mayor,
 In Things that he's innocent, harmless, and clear.
Villanous Jacobites, Rebellious Jacobites,
Perjured Jacobites all.

They

They reported my Lord two Orphans did cheat,
Which forc'd him for to fly into the Fleet,
The Truth is come out, and has shown the Deceit
Of malicious *Jacobites*, *Rebellious Jacobites*,
Villanous *Jacobites* all.

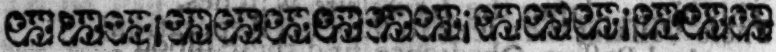
Because that my Lord is a Friend to the Nation,
These Villains they seek to stain his Reputation,
But Justice appear'd in my Lord's Vindication,
Against perjured *Jacobites*, Villanous *Jacobites*,
Faith breaking *Jacobites* all.

And now of these Orphans, that sueth my Lord,
I to be brief, will tell you in a Word,
They are the Persons that are much ador'd,
By villanous *Jacobites*, perjured *Jacobites*,
Faith breaking *Jacobites* all.

One of these Orphans he is the Pretender,
The other's his Sister, that's of the same Gender,
And this is the Person chose for Faith's Defender,
By perjured *Jacobites*, Faith breaking *Jacobites*,
Rebellious *Jacobites* all.

These Villains this Fellow to Scotland did bring,
A Tumult they made, and proclaim'd him for King,
For which some of them made excite in a String,
Rebellious *Jacobites*, backbiting *Jacobites*,
Nonjuring *Jacobites* all.

Such Stories as these the Tories invent,
To fill the good Peoples Minds with discontent,
To fast of the Halter they are fully bent.
Rebellious Jacobites, Nonjuring Jacobites,
Perjured Jacobites all.



Perkin's Last Adventure: Or, a Trip
through the Back-Door. (To the Tune
of, Moll Peatly, alias Gillian of Croy-
don.)

I.

December last, in Frosty Weather,
A Champion Bold to Scotland come,
He Summon'd all his Wights together,
And taught 'em to move by Bear of Drum.
There was Perjur'd ~~Mat~~ at the Head
Of many a Highland Lad,
Resolved in Fight to shew their Bravery,
Full of Knavery,
Ripe fore Slavery,
Juve Divino Mad.

II.

Each Bonny Lad must leave his Mother,
And out with his Sword and Target go,
They needs must March to meet one another;
The Laird of the Mannor would have it so:

For *Jemmy* was coming o'er Sea
 The King of GREAT BRITAIN to be,
 And all must Fight that have any Hope
 Of a Bull from the Pope,
 Or Reprieve from the Rope,
 Since *Jemmy* the King must be.

III.

This News alarms the *Lancashire* Witches,
 And Passive Obedience fir'd their Blood;
 Each Honest *Tory's* Finger itches
 To Fight for his King and his Country's Good:
 Accoutrements strait they provide,
 Then to Horse and away they must ride,
 For General *Forster* gave his Opinion,
 The King his Dominion
 Would surely win, and
 That he'd be a Saint that dy'd.

IV.

The *West*, who Loyalty ever pretended
 To *England's* Monarchy, Church and State,
 In perfect Allegiance now intended
 To deprive the true Heir of his just Estate;
 Will Wildfire in Ambuscade,
 A Combustable Train had laid,
 Whereby he might purge the Constitution,
 From Pollution,
 Then to push on,
 The Hereditary Blade;

V. But

V.

But while the weaker Heads were Plotting,

A wiser Council secret late;

They found the Brogues and Rogues were jogging,

And sent ARGYLE to seal their Fate:

While he without Fear or Dread,

Some Thousands of Loyalists led,

And attack'd the Sham Gen'ral at *Dumblain*,

Where on the Plain,

The Cause was slain,

And all the Party fled.

VI.

While Mountebank like, who going to Tumble

Turns back and laughs at the gaping Fools;

The Puppet came over, did piss and grumble,

To find such a Parcel of useless Tools;

Quoth he, I'll not stay on the Shore,

My Person it Sacred all o'er,

I think Cousin *Mar*, 'tis best You and I

Should go off by the Bye,

What if Thousands Die,

We're safe, and we care for no more.

VII.

The General's gone, and the Army is routed,

The injur'd Subjects Justice cry;

The Throne's possess'd by the Heir undoubted,

CADOGAN pursues, and the *Rebels* fly

BRAITAIN shall shine free from Injustice Foes

Foreign Invasions shan't enter her State,

For *GEORGE* shall make her every way Compleat

Then

Then *Britain* burst out with Applause

Of him that has carried the Cause:

And let your Tuneful Voices sing

To *GEORGE* our King,

And Despise the Thing,

That would have crept through the Laws.



*The Apparition of Derwent water's Ghost,
to the Earl of Oxford.*

From the dark Regions of Eternal Night,

And Sooty Mansions never bless'd with Light,

Dismiss'd by mighty *Pluto's* just Command,

(Whose Plagues are due to scourge an Impious Land,)

I come to tell the Course of Mighty Fate,

Whence *Britain* may her Circling Glories date.

Hearken then Faithless Peer, give Ear to me,

And learn th' Events of Future Destiny,

Tho' long by Civil Hate, and Rebels Arms,

Peace has been banish'd with its native Charms,

The wish'd for Blessing shall return again,

And aid the Triumphs of a *GEORGE's* Reign:

Treason no more its monstrous Forms shall spread,

Nor Envious Faction shew its Direful Head:

From *Sybil's* Oracle I do disclose,

BRITAIN shall shine free from Intestine Foes:

Foreign Invasions shan't infect her State,

For *GEORGE* shall make her every way Compleat.

Tho' long by Foreign Councils she bore Iway,
 Laugh'd at a Change, and curs'd this blissful Day,
 Swiftly aspiring with a lawless Pride,
 Thought it her greatest Glory to divide:

Faction hereafter no'er shall own a Name,
 But all Distinctions vanish with their Shame:

Immortal Jove in Heaven, the Almighty King,
 Will stop all Plagues, lo ! mighty Blessings spring.

Th' Incens'd Fates arm'd with a vengeful Frown,
 The Torrent stem, and strike each Rebel down :

On GEORGE's Conquest Liberty attends,
 The right of Nations, and of States depends:

He only can a sinking People save,
 Justly distinguishing the Base and Brave:

Great in himself, great by his God-like sway,
 Form'd for a King for *Britains* to Obey:

Divinely sent, he free-born Nations saves,
 And unborn Children fated to be Slaves.

No more shall Priests by Passive Rules give Law,
 Nor *Jus Divinum* Glorious *Britain* awe:

Priestcraft shall soon resign its ancient Power,
 And cancel all that they have preach'd before.

No more o'er *British* Freedom Domineer,

No Upstart govern, no Pretender steer:

No noisy Oracle, or Scarlet Tribe,

Shall Slavish Rules to *English-men* prescribe.

Dear Native Soil, by Conquering Foes made great,

I read thy Blessings in the Book of Fate:

All Nature smiles at this approaching Day,

priests than't deceive, nor *Judas* betray.

Thus

Thus spake the Phantasm, having told his Story,
He vanish straight, and went to Purgatory.

~~~~~

*Verses on his Sacred Majesty's Royal  
Entry.*

**K**ing GEORGE is come, let Flowers grace the Way,  
And lofty Tunes of Joy and Triumph play;  
Long may he reign, as happy as this Day.  
Welcome, Great Sir, by Heav'n sent o'er the Main,  
Britannia's ravish'd Lawrels to regain;  
And like *Nassaw*, her drooping State maintain.  
'Twas You, Great GEORGE, we hop'd to see,  
Rais'd as a Graft on our Fair Orange-Tree.  
From Brave *Nassaw's* illustrious Root  
You gather Flowers, we reap the Fruit.  
Whilst freely we assert the *British* Power,  
T' abjure those Heads, that Bodies would devour,  
And date our Safeties from this happy Hour.  
Wisdom and Virtue seal the Sacred Right,  
With you a glorious Prospect opens to our sight.  
In the Auspicious Graces of Your Royal Line,  
Our latest Age may call their Right Divine.  
Let all Oppressors fall before our mighty KING,  
That Crowds of foreign Hearts Your Praise may sing.  
God's Law of Liberty we justly claim,  
T' exalt this Nation's Glory, and your Fame.  
Trust those in whom you safely may confide,  
That never basely left their sinking Side;

But

But boldly stood to stem the roughest Tide?  
 Heav'n ever guard You from false Parricide.  
 Live long, and reign by Love, in every pious Brest,  
 That we in You, and You in us, for ever may be blest.  
 You we obey, and humbly we descend  
 To gratulate our next Illustrious Friend.

*To His Royal Highness the Prince,*

Hail, Mighty PRINCE, of Noble Birth and Mind,  
 For Britain's Publick Good and Weal design'd,  
 In Your Heroick Self, and Race behind.



*The Loyal Consort of Musick. To the  
 Tune of, The Prince of Wales's  
 March.*

L.

**S**OUND, sound the Trumpet, beat the Drum,  
 Strike Faction heart-sick, Rebellion dumb:

Let lively Hautboys

Cheer up the Low-boys,

Make Britons jolly, and Tories grum.

Bells ringing,

Choirs singing,

Loyal Hearts be cheery,

Some Tripping,

Some Sipping,

Various Ways be merry;

While



While every vile and sorry  
Faction's rebellious Core  
Pines at our Mirth for **GEORGE's** Glory.

II.

Wind lofty Cornet, Clarion sound,  
Cromphorn and Sackbut shall Murmurs drown;  
Organ with Voices

True Heart rejoices;  
Musick will Madness and Plots confound.

Let no Man,  
Or Woman,  
Under Faith's Defender,

Lean toward  
That Coward,  
Bigot, Fool, Pretender:

But be a faithful Lover,  
Friends cherish, Foes discover  
Against the Heroes of **HANOVER**.

III.

Touch Princely Harpsichord and Flute,  
With sprightly Harp, and the solemn Lute,

Then warlike Fife will  
Furnish more Life still;

Brisk Violins with the Consort suite:  
All careful,

None fearful;  
Harmony will cheer ye.

Be Airy;  
All Merry;

Loyal **WHIGS**, revere ye:

High Church, who Malice bore us,  
Shall have no Part i th' Chorus;  
No Subjects so rejoic'd before us.

IV.

Bassoon and Curtil fill the Base,  
And grave Theorbo all Parts will grace;

There's no Denial  
But chirping Viol  
Merits in Consort a special Place.

Let Traytors  
And Waters  
Of our Brunswick HERO's

Run pressing,  
Addressing

Pope and Gallick Hero's.  
But know, Malicious Tories,  
He's a Rogue, and she a Whore is,  
Envies our Royal Prince's Glories.

V.

Beat Kettle-drum in Warlike Notes,  
Cannon in Salvo's extend your Throats;  
Small Arms in Volly

Cure Melancholy,

Courage in WHIGS running Fire promotes.

Now move all,  
Be Jovial;  
Let your Recreation  
Make lower  
Tacks lower,  
Full of Indignation

At our charming Pleasure,  
Join'd with Seraphick Measure,  
In Honour of our British CÆSAR.



*The Pretender's Flight, and sorrowful  
Lamentation for his late Disappoint-  
ment in Scotland. In Imitation of a  
new Song sung at the Playhouse in the  
Comick Tragick Farce, or, What d'ye  
call it.*

*Let Tories in this Balkad view  
What silly Whigs believe not true.  
Perkin is surely James's Son,  
He does so naturally run;  
So foolish is he, and mild-hearted;  
I do sincerely wish him carted;  
And if his Stars do not mistake;  
He must in Time the Halter take.*

I.  
**T**WAS when the Seas were roaring  
With Blasts of Northern Wind,  
Young Perkin lay deploring  
On Warming-pan reclin'd;  
Wide o'er the roaring Billows  
He cast a dismal Look,  
And shiver'd like the Willows,  
That tremble o'er the Brook,

## II.

Three Weeks are gone and over,

And five long tedious Days,

Since I, unhappy Rover,

Did venture o'er the Seas.

Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,

And let young Perkin rest ;

Ah ! what's thy troubl'd Motion,

To that within my Breast ?

## III.

Robb'd of Place and Pension,

Rebels thro' Fortune's Frown ;

His Loss deserves no Mention,

To the losing of my Crown.

Won'd he regain his Pension,

He need but cross the Main ;

But ah me ! no Invention

My Crown can e'er regain.

## IV.

Why was it said the Tories

For me did try amain ?

Why then are all the Roaries,

Why are they all in vain ?

No Eyes their Use discover,

They mobb'd on Bonfire Night,

To tempt me to come over,

Then leave me in a Fright.



## V.

All melancholy lying,  
 Thus wail'd he for his Crown,  
 The Fumes through Breeches flying,  
 The Tears his Cheeks run down:  
 Then mounting High-Church Steeple,  
 Argyle's Approach he spy'd,  
 And leaving High-land People,  
 He fled to the Sea-side.

## VI.

Where finding of some Shipping,  
 Which lately came from France,  
 The first he met he flit in,  
 For fear of Highland Clans;  
 Leaving behind young Timmonth,  
 And divers Friends beside,  
 Cry'd, Devil take the hindmost,  
 And so th' Impostor dy'd.



The

*The Pretender's Letter to the Tories.  
To the Tune of, To you, dear Ormond,  
cross the Seas, &c.*

**T**O his dear Vassals of the North  
The mournful *Jemmy* sends,  
To think that Men of so much Worth  
Shou'd come to such sad Ends ;  
And 'stead of being Dukes, like *Mar*,  
To have their Heads on *Temple-Bar*.

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

II.

For every Fool that passes by,  
When he looks up to sneer ;  
And smiling to himself, to cry,  
What mean these Wise-heads here ?  
Who when they might have slept at home,  
Are come a bleaching here for *Rome*.

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

III.

But mind not what the Rebels say,  
Nor yet much what they do ;  
The Time is coming they shall pay  
Me twenty Heads for two ;  
And *Temple-bar* shall see a Show  
Of more above her, than below.

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

IV.

*Oxford* stands fast, and *Mother Church*,

In spite of all the Laws,

Tho' some have left me in the Lurch,

Does still espouse my Cause:

And as long as they continue true,

I fear not what the *Whiggs* can do.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

V.

Then, droufy *Britain*, raise thy Head,

And look up once again;

Tho' General *Forster* in his Bed

Was by them napping ta'en.

Immortal O——d still remains

To set all Things right with his Brains.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

VI.

And if great O——d's self should fail

Your Cause for to restore;

Arm'd Cap-a-pee from Head to Heel,

I then will venture o'er,

And in a second *Salisbury* Plain

My Father's Crown and Fame regain.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

## A Word to the TORIES.

**Y**E perjurd Traytors, *Jacks* and *Tories*, tell  
What could provoke, what prompt ye to rebel?

Say, were your Laws or Liberties betray'd?

**O**r, did the mighty **GEORGE** your Rights invade,  
When Secret Treaties seal'd *Britannia's* Doom,

And made us Slaves to *Tyranny* and *Rome*;

Propitious Heav'n sent o'er Great **GEORGE**, and He  
From *Rome* and *Gallick* Bondage set us free:

The Nation's batter'd Credit He restor'd,

And was it then for This you drew the Sword?

Ungrateful Rebels! Was He not your Choice?

Approv'd both by the Queen's and Senate's Voice.

Him as her Successor *Queen Anne* declar'd;

That very *Anne*, whom you so much rever'd.

She who was stil'd the Good, the Just, by you,

Repeal'd old Laws, and made more firm the new,

And knowing that she shou'd of Issue fail,

Did on the House of **HANOVER** the Crown entail.

Heav'n smil'd to see the Glorious Work compleat;

And who can alter the Decrees of Fate?

Cease then your vain Attempts; your whining Thing,

Your Crying, Running Brat shall ne'er be King.

Let Priests, *Nonjurors*, Hell and *Tories* join;

In secret let them Plot, and all Combine, (mine,

Yet Heav'n and **GEORGE** their Plots shall counter-



Like Knaves they took up Arms, like Madmen fought ;  
 Yielded like Fools, and their Destruction wrought.  
 In Halters therefore let 'em jointly swing,  
 Which ev'ry Loyal Subject loud does sing : (King.  
 Heav'n Bless this Land, and GEORGE our lawful



England's Happiness, in the Most Re-  
 nowned King GEORGE. A Toast  
 drank at the Mug-house in St. John's  
 Lane. To the Tune of, There was a  
 Jovial Beggar, &c.

## I.

**P**Repare each Man his Glass in Hand,  
 In Country and in Town,  
 Since Royal GEORGE he is our King,  
 And the Schism Bill is down :

*For which Tory Rogues do cry, do cry,*

*Do cry, whilst Tory Rogues do cry.*

## II.

King GEORGE we must remember,  
 Since Anna's Bones do rest,  
 Intombed in her silent Grave,

*(Now she has done her best ;*

*For which, &c.*

## III.

ome dead we should forget,  
 Yet still let us remember  
 The noble Deeds of Great *Nassau*,  
 Who landed in *November*,  
 For which, &c.

## IV.

*Neptune* he wafted over  
 Great *GEORGE* here in good time,  
 For to defend Old *England's* Cause,  
 Which now so bright doth shine:  
 For which, &c.

## V.

Now here is to the Prince, Boys,  
 And the Princess likewise;  
 And unto all the Royal Train,  
 Whose Fame surmounts the Skies,  
 Whilst *Tory Rogues*, &c.

## VI.

Here's also to our fam'd Generals,  
 Who have so bravely fought,  
 As *Marlborough* and *Cadogan* too,  
 Who beat them all to naught.  
 Now *Tory Rogues*, &c.

## VII.

The rest of our fam'd Generals,  
 Forget them not; we can't,  
 Nor other brave Commanders,  
 Who made *Tory* Hearts to pant,  
 Now *Rebels* they in *Halters*, &c.

## VIII. At

## VIII.

At Scotland the Pretender  
 His Sword was padlock'd tight,  
 As was the cheating Butler's,  
 Who in Flanders would not fight,

*Whilst Tory Rogues do swing, &c.*

## IX.

Their curs'd Designs are frustrated,  
 Since Royal GEORGE is come  
 For to defeat his Enemies  
 All over Christendom ;

*Whilst Tories they do swing, &c.*

## X.

Of all sorts of Subjects,  
 King GEORGE's are the best ;  
 They'll fight for to defend their King,  
 Then lay them down to rest ;

*Whilst Rebels they at Tyburn swing, &c.*

## XI.

Now fill up your Glasses,  
 And let your Voices ring ;  
 Let every Man drink it off clean,  
 With a Health to GEORGE our King ;

*Whilst Rebels and Tories at Tyburn swing, &c.*

## XII.

In spite of all the Tories,  
 The Cause we will maintain ;  
 Stand up with Heart and Hand,  
 Till GEORGE does come again.

*So Tories they may swing, &c.*

**A Health to Bungy and his Man Hugh.**

To the Tune of *Now comes on the*  
tain's Happiness under King GEORGE.

**C**ome all you Loyal Church-men,

Here's a Toast that is new,

It's a Health to Bungy,

And to his Man Hugh;

And all you that will not pledge it,

Tho' a Protestant true,

Is not so good a Church-man

As the Doctor's Man Hugh.

II.

An Attempt was made lately

By a Protestant Crew,

To affront the dear Doctor

By un-Clarking of Hugh;

And was it not great Pity

To separate these Two?

For who was better match'd

Than Bungy and's Man Hugh?

If Perkin had succeeded,

Then who but these Two

Bungy had been his Lordship,

And his Man had been Sir Hugh;

But now he is gone,

They both do look Blue;

Here's a Halter for the Doctor

And a Cart's-Arse for Hugh.



*The Protestant Jubilee Or, Great Bri-  
tain's Happiness under King GEORGE.  
To the Tune of, Now comes on the  
Glorious Year.*

*Novus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.  
Nunc redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.  
Virgil. Ecl. 4.*

**N**OW comes on the Glorious Year,  
Protestants Joy, and Papists Fear;  
For Rome nor France we need not fear,  
Nor a Popish Pretender;  
Since GEORGE is fix'd upon a Throne,  
By Law and Right, that is his own,  
His Arms Victorious will make known,  
He's our true Faith's Defender.

**I**n Church and State good Providence  
Still has, and will be our Defence  
Against the villainous Attempts  
Of Papists, Priests, and Traytors;  
Look back to Queen Elizabeth's Reign,  
And see their Navy, brought from Spain,  
With Shame returning back again,  
Their Armado defeated.

## III. IV

Their hellish *Powder-Plot* in *Heav'n* and *Earth*  
 In *James* the First's, not yet forgot,  
 Nor ever may't, as it ne'er ought,  
 Till they forget their *Treasons*,  
*November's* Month will also show  
 Great *WILLIAM's* Fame, who came unto  
 Our Rescue from an Overthrow  
 To Church and State designed.

## IV.

That famous Month (the second Year  
 That Glorious *GEORGE's* Annals bear)  
 Do's more remarkable appear  
 By Victory at *Preston*,  
 Where *Trait'rous Rebels* did combine  
 To extirpate Great *GEORGE's* Line;  
 Both Church and State to undermine,  
 And make us *Slaves* and *Papists*.

## V.

But *Heav'n* has made their Efforts vain,  
 At *Preston*, *Perth*, *Bath* and *Dumblain*;  
 And th' *Highland Clans* are gone again  
 To sculk among their Mountains:  
*Saiveling Perkin*, *Puny Men*,  
 Cowardly *Traitors* as they are,  
 The Smell of Gunpowder can't bear  
 And are fled to *St. Germain*.

## VI. Then

## VI.

Then since kind Heav'n has brought  
 Their black *Conspiracies* to nought;  
 The future Plots we never ought  
 Fear of *Pope*, *France*, or *Perkin*.  
 Though *Hell* and they should all contrive  
 To murder, or to seize alive  
 Great *GEORGE* and his, they'll still outlive  
 (I doubt not) all their *Treasons*.

## VII.

And under His Auspicious Reign,  
 Who will both *Church* and *State* maintain;  
 Immoveable they shall remain,  
 And flourish more than ever.  
*Religion* shall lift up its Head,  
 And *Liberty* its Arms forth spread,  
 And we shall flourish in our *Trade*,  
 And be a *Happy Nation*.

## VIII.

Under our Vines we'll sit and sing,  
 May God be prais'd, bless *GEORGE* our King;  
 Being *Happy* made in every Thing  
 Both *Religious* and *Civil*:  
 Our fatal Discords soon shall cease,  
 Compos'd by *GEORGE*, our Prince of Peace;  
 We shall in *Plenty* live at Ease,  
 In spite of *Popish* Envy.

**Great GEORGE's** virtuous gentle Sway,  
Or **Conquering Arms**, shall make obey  
His stubborn Foes, though now they say,

We'll send him to *Hanover* :

But He and His **Illustrious Line**  
For ever shall with **Glory shine**  
In *Britain's Isle* ; for *Wilhelmine*

Will furnish us with *Heroes*.

Who always with **Victorious Bands**  
Of **Loyal British Hearts and Hands**  
**Traiterous Broods and Popish Clans**

Shall subdue and bring under :

That this may be our happy Fate,  
Let each that loves the **Church and State**  
Readily without Debate

Briskly take off his Bumper.

Fill up a Glass of **gen'rous Wine**  
To *George Augustus, Wilhelmine,*  
The *Princess's* Beauteous and Divine,

And all their *Royal Issue* :

*Marlborough* the Bold, *Argyle* the Brave,  
And all these **Patriots**, who did save  
From Foes, who would us all enslave

Fill them a Cup of **Thanks** too.

*Aspice ventura letantur in omnia Saecula* **Ving. Eclia** T



*The Twentieth of October. A new  
Song, to an Excellent new Tune.*

Come brave Boys let us remember,  
This is the Twentieth Day of October;  
On which our Sovereign King was Crown'd,  
On which Loyal Hearts with Joys did abound,  
So let the Glas go round, go round, go round,  
And so let the Glas go round.  
A Health to Great GEORGE our Gracious King,  
And let every Man fill his Glas to the Brim.

## II.

This was the Day that the *Jacobite* Crew,  
Plagued with the Happiness we had in View,  
Began to Intrigue, to Plot, and propound,  
How they might our King, and Statesmen confound,  
So let the Glas go round, &c.  
A Health to Prince GEORGE Courageous and True,  
To his Royal Spouse, and their Issue.

## III.

This was the Day they began for to quake,  
Because that their Rabble Discipline did lack;  
Yet they resolv'd for to stand their Ground,  
But our few Forces their Hosts did confound,  
And so let the Glas go round, &c.  
A Health to our General *Marlborough* the Great,  
To *Will*, and the rest that the Rebels did defeat.

Now to conclude, this glorious Day,  
 Our KING we enjoy, and the Rebels are run away;  
 The Pretender is fled, and our Gates are crown'd,  
 With the Heads of the Jacks, that at Preston were found.  
 And so let the Glia go round, &c.  
 A Health to each Whig, and long may we live,  
 Subjects to King GEORGE, that our Freedom did give.



*A New Song. To an Old Tune.*

**I**N Troth Friend Harry,  
 I can't but be merry,  
 To see such chopping and changing of Late;  
 If Whigs did Teaze ye,  
 Came Tories to please ye,  
 And stop the Holes had been made i'th' State:  
 But at the Death of the Queen 'twas so sore,  
 They strait did patch it by Twenty Four:  
 All able State-menders, as ever were known,  
 Who kept it still Tite  
 To the Hanover Right,  
 And plac'd GEORGE on the British Throne.

Now he's Defender,  
 We dread no Pretender,  
 Our State is safe, and our Church out of Fear,  
 If ought annoy us,  
 King GEORGE will stand by us,  
 And make them know that he's Master here:  
 Shou'd Dr. Bungy, but offer once more,  
 To preach such Stuff as he did before:  
 He'll have his Deserts, and in Halter shall swing,  
 As high as his Steeple,  
 To shew to the People,  
 We are rul'd by a just good King.

III.

Domestick Traytors,  
 And Foreign Abettors,  
 Their empty Tricks, and their Schemes may give o'er;  
 We find on Tryal  
 The Nation is Loyal,  
 Except some few, whom we'll trust no more:  
 French Gold shall cease to take Place in our Ills,  
 And Gallick Councils no more beguile.  
 Our faithful Allies, will our Happiness crown,  
 And join when 'tis fitting  
 With ev'ry true Britton,  
 To pull the French Regent down.

IV.

Whilst we have Wealth  
 Let us drink the Kings Health,

His great Wisdom soon will supply us with more;  
 Our Laws he'll nourish, and our Trade he'll make flourish,  
 And we hereafter shall never be poor: Till only  
 Be long his Reign, and attended with Peace,  
 To Monarch's Glory, and Subjects ease.  
 And when Divine Wisdom will have him resign  
 The Hero his Son,  
 May he rule, as he had done,  
 And leave us a ne'er failing Line.

*Prologue, perform'd by Mr. Wilks.*

**N**AMES that could never rise to *Epic Verse*,  
 May furnish out a *Ballad*, or a *Farce*.  
 Our Author has a Comick Rebel stole  
 To make you Mirth; a drinking, noisy Fool;  
 His *Heimskirk Muse* in Life's low Business plays,  
 And hopes in Laughter to receive your Praise.  
 If he wants Plot, consider, Sirs, he draws  
 These Scenes, from the worst Plot that ever was;  
 He paints not in big Verse those Hills of Snow,  
 Where Traitors breathe, and North-winds ever blow.  
 We might be brought to pity *Cattle* that live,  
 Where neither Tree, nor Beast, nor Man can thrive;  
 If pinch'd with Frost, and Famine, they aspire,  
 To taste a *Lowland Meal*, or smell a *Sea-coal Fire*:



But 'tis amazing, that an English Cudde  
Should quarrel with his honest Beef and Pudden;  
And yet 'tis so; — And we contend with Knaves,  
That only wish to Conquer, — to be Slaves.

To Night a Plotting Cobler will appear,  
He plots indeed, but still he plots in Beer:  
The Man's a quiet Protestant when sober;  
'Tis a most Popish Liquor that October;  
Who knows how high his Courage had aspir'd,  
If with French Claret, and French Pistols fired:  
—But—may this Plot, and every Plot hereafter,  
Produce but little Bloodshed, and much Laughter.

[He goes off, and returns with a Paper in his Hand.]

An Express just arriv'd from North-Britain, a propos.

Reads.] From Perth, we hear, the Warriors all are  
They wisely stay not for a second Drubbing; [Rubbing,  
That the Pale Hero with his Lady-Crown  
Took Courage, and forsook his Bed of Down.

[To the Galleries.]

—Fair Ones, the Stripling has no Favour done you,  
Poor joyless Youth, he turn'd his Back upon you,  
And the keen Night-Air from the Mountains scolding,  
North-Eastward gallop'd bold—at One i'th Morning.



To raise a Lowland Meal, or smelt a Sea-coal Fire:  
If pinch'd with Frost, and Famine, they alpine,  
Where neither Tree, nor Grass, nor Man can thrive;  
We might be brought to live, that live,  
Where Traitors breathe, and where the winds ever blow,  
He paints not in big Vene the Hills of snow,  
These scenes, from the snow, that ever was,

*The Pretender's Army. To the Tune of,  
The Earl of Essex.*

**A**S Perkin one Morning lay musing in Bed,  
The Thoughts of three Kingdoms ran much in  
(his Head :  
A Friend came from *Britain* up to his Bed-side,  
Great News I've to tell you, dread Sovereign, he cry'd.

**II.**  
I've brought you a List, 'tis most certainly true,  
Of many brave Heroes that are there for you :  
First Butchers and Porters, who bravely will thwack it,  
And bold *Bridewell* Boys, who fight in blue Jacket.

**III.**  
Next comes the Tomturdmen with Shovels and Poles,  
The Sweepers of Chimneys, and Men that cry Coals,  
The Carmen and Dustmen in their fine Array,  
With Stink and black Faces will fright *Whigs* away.

**IV.**  
Of Strollers and Beggars a Regiment or two,  
Who swear what they're worth, they'll spend all for you,  
Pick-pockets, House-breakers, and Highway-men too,  
With Bulleys and Sharpers, they all are for you.

**V.**  
Of poor Country Clowns, there are thousands will try  
One Battle for you, tho' they cannot tell why ;  
The poor Country Squires their Leaders will be,  
Their *montgag'd* Estates if you will set free.

**VI.** Tho'

## VI.

Tho' *Paul* they have hang'd, there's many a black Coat  
Of the smaller Fry, tho' but few of great Note, (enough;  
They'll serve for your Chaplains, there's more than  
The rest range in Regiments, and clothe them in Buff.

## VII.

Old Basket-women, Orange, and Oyfter Wenches,  
The Dust Girls, and Whores that sell Apples on Benches,  
We can chuse out of them a Mistress for you,  
As your suppos'd Uncle when King once did do.

## VIII.

The *Billingsgate* Wenches, and Night-walking Whores,  
Will join this fine Army in hundreds of Scores;  
They'll scold all your Foes quite out of the Field,  
If hissing and clapping won't make them all yield.

## IX.

When all this fine Army are jumbled together,  
And you, Sir, to join them are safely come hither;  
Then range them in Order, which no Man can do,  
And they'll fight as courageous and stoutly as you.

## X.

For if they join Battle, they'll make a short Stay,  
That you might have Time, Sir, to scour away;  
Then as fast as they can, they'll all follow after,  
That they might not be kill'd, or die in a Halter.

## XI.

Ah me! then cry'd *Perkin*, this Rascally Mob  
Are fit but the Hen-roosts and Orchards to rob:  
Alas! I'm undone, my Cause it must rue,  
For I'm sure these can never three Kingdoms subdue.

Surrounded with them, like a Cheat I should look,  
 My Doom I can read, Sir, without any Book;  
 Such an Army as this, 'tis a Thousand to one,  
 Will bring me to Tyburn, instead of a Throne.



*On Prince Eugene's routing the Turks.*  
*To the Tune of, An Old Woman poor*  
*and blind.*

## I.

**H**ere's a Health to the Great *Eugene*,  
 Who routed has the *Turk*;  
 His bold, and Veteran *German Troops*  
 Have bravely done the Work.  
 We'll drink their Healths with joyful Hearts  
 In Cyder, Ale, or Wine,  
 Whilst this great Overthrow does make  
 The *Tories* here repine.

## II.

Here's *Marlbrough's* Health, whose conqu'ring Troops,  
 Still beat the *Gallick Turks*,  
 They took their fortified Towns,  
 Storming their strongest Works:  
 To Great *Cadogan* here's a Health,  
 Who beat the *Tory Turk*,  
 His Troops soon forced them for fear  
 In High-Land Hills to lurk.

III. Here's



Here's a Health to those Two Generals,  
 Brave *Carpenter* and *Wills*,  
 Who flying *Tory Turks* pursu'd,  
 Through Dales, and over Hills:  
 At last pen'd up in *Preston Pound*,  
 They caught poor *Tory Turk*,  
 Pray kill us not, they cry'd, we'll yield,  
 Thus finish'd was the Work.

## IV.

Of these three sorts, the *Tory Turks*  
 Are far the greater Knaves,  
*French Turks*, and *Turks Mahometans*  
 Are born, and bred up Slaves:  
 But *Tory Turks*, tho' they're born free,  
 Would Slavery bring about,  
 A shame they are to free born Souls,  
*Britannia* spew them out.

## V.

*Tories* and *Turks* are much alike,  
 Cowards, and Cruel too;  
*Forfar's* and *Bruner's* barbarous Deaths  
 Like Cruelty does shew:  
 The *Tory Turks* hate to be good,  
 They would more Mischief do;  
 O! Were they all to *Turkey* sent,  
 As far as *Jericho*.

Tho' France, the Pope, the Turk, the Devil will

Joyn in their Hellish Cause,

Heav'n our Religion does protect,

Our Liberties and Laws:

Mad Tories cease your Rage, be wise,

Disown that sorry Thing,

The Brat brought in a Warming-Pan,

And own Great GEORGE our King.



# \*\*\* A Loyal SONG, To the Tune of Lillibolero.

## I.

LET High-Church and Papists meet lurking in Holes,  
To curse, and hatch Lies, their Cause to maintain,  
Plot Mischief in secret, like under Ground Moles,  
And wish for their Master young Perkin again.

'Tis George, King George, for him we'll all stand,

His Health we will drink, his Praise we will sing;

Who retriev'd our Glories, when lost by the Tories,

The High-Church shall never make Perkin a King.

## II.

Shall the Whigs meet like them, a few, and in stealth,

Or must they ask leave of the Papist or Tory,

In Numbers to drink to His Majesty's Health;

Won't that be (what think ye) a very fine Story?

'Tis George, King George, &c.

III. Well

III.

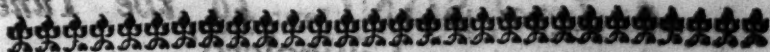
We'll meet when and where, in what Numbers we please,  
And fear not the Rage of a perjured Brood:  
We'll be Merry, and sing at such Houses as these,  
We can't be too publick, our Cause is so good.

'Tis George, King George, &c.

IV.

For this, the *Jacks* say, they are greatly displeas'd,  
But I'll tell you the only Reason is this;  
King GEORGE they don't love, and so they are teaz'd,  
When they see how Loyal this Company is.

'Tis George, King George, &c.



*A Song to be sung by all true Loyalists,  
on the First of August, being the Day  
of His Majesty happy Accession to the  
Throne. To the Tune of, Let Burgun-  
dy flow, &c.*

I.  
FOR GEORGE our great King,

Let's true Valour shew, let's true Valour shew, Boys,

To his Glory we'll sing,

Crown your Mugs all with Joys:

To our Monarch now drink,

Now be loyal all, now be loyal all, Boys,

See the *Jacobites* sink,

See, they tremble at our Noise,

Like

Like Perkin they run  
 At the sight of a Gun,  
 Like him they are crying, when just upon dying,  
 We'll flash, wound and slay,  
 Both Night and by Day,  
 Those Villains that will not our Sovereign obey.

## II.

Let this Day be blest,  
 Hymns of Gladness sing, Hymns of Gladness sing, Boys;  
 Let our King be carest'd,  
 In the midst of our Joys;  
 See this Mug to his Health,  
 His Foes next confound, his Foes next confound, Boys;  
**GEORGE**, live long in Wealth,  
 Secure the Church and our Laws;  
 In spite of all Fiends,  
 The *Whigs* are thy Friends,  
 And if once we thunder, they're all struck with  
 Our Wrath they all dread, (Wonder  
 By which they are bled,  
 When foolishly into Rebellion they're led.

## III.

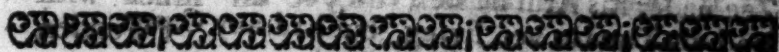
Heav'n's send our King back,  
 Huzza aloud, huzza aloud, Boys,  
 His Presence we lack;  
 All his Foes let's destroy;  
 No Impostor shall reign:  
 Keep the Coward out, keep the Coward out, Boys,  
 That Bastard disdain;  
 None but Fools he decoys.



All Papists defy,  
 For, for **GEORGE** we will die,  
 To no base Pretender will we ever surrender,  
 But stand by our King,  
 To whose Glory we sing,  
 For the Blessings which he to this Kingdom does bring.

## IV.

In no Danger's the Church,  
 'Tis a Lye all, 'tis a Lye all, Sirs,  
 She's left in no lurch,  
 But Villains loving Stirrs  
 Such Stories do tell,  
 To keep up Faction, to keep up Faction here:  
 But if they'll rebel,  
 Their Rebellion don't fear;  
 To Justice we'll bring 'em,  
 And at Tyburn we'll string 'em,  
 Where Paul the Nonjuror, a Rogue never purer,  
 Nonjuring Church own'd,  
 But England's Church and Crown  
 We Whigs will all stand by, and Rome tumble down.



## The Second Part of the Raree-Show.

## I.

**A**LL loyal Men, come zee my vine rary Show,  
 Dat your Foes from your Friends den you truly  
 (may know:

In dis Box is de vineest Sight you ever saw,  
 For it shews all de Villains attainted by Law.

## II.

Virst dere is false *St. John* to the Life to be seen,  
 Who to make a base Peace did advise the late Queen;  
 His Conuntry for Money de Knave did betray,  
 But var fear of an Halter did soon run away.

III. Dat

## III.

Dat Woman vine drest he maintains for his Whore,  
Who vil give him de Pox, and e'er keep him poor;  
Without she seems Shaint to cover her Sin,  
But oh ! the damn'd Bish be all Devil within.

## IV.

Zee dere is *James Butler*, who e'er ran in Debt,  
To make him in all his Debauch'ries look great;  
Who the *French* wou'd not vite, and there on my Word,  
You may see how de Padlock do's hang on his Sword.

## V.

Zee dere is dat Rebel we once called *Marr*,  
Whose Head, was it right, should be on *Temple-bar*;  
Zee how like a Vagabond *Areskin* does look, (Book.  
And his Fate now do's curse by Bell, Candle, and

## VI.

Zee yonder is *Nutbisdale*, who never was good,  
What a Figure he makes in his long Riding-hood:  
Dat Vashion which now is zo much here in vogue,  
Was de means of preserving from *Marvel* a Rogue.

## VII.

Zee dere, Zur, dat's *Derwentwater*, quite dead,  
Zee under his Arm he do's carry his Head;  
Had dis Traytor ven living, but had any Grace,  
His Joulter he still had kept on the right Place.

## VIII.

Zee dere is another rebellious, base Peer,  
Who dy'd (as he zed) a true *Protestant* here,  
But fought for a Bastard, de Devil and Pope,  
For vich he deserv'd not an Ax, but a Rope.

## IX.

Zee dere de Pretender, dat Son of a Whore,  
Whom none but de Mob and Strumpets adore;  
Zee how he do's fit wid Finger in Eye,  
And wou'd for a Kingdom not vite, Zur, but cry.

## X.

Is not this a Knot of Villains, I pray,  
Who vil not deir lawful Sovereign obey?  
But vendey are all hang'd, King *George* he shall reign,  
So th' Devices of Rebels will prove all in vain.

